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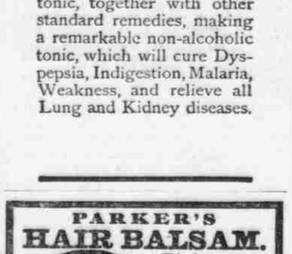
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THE EDITOR'S WAGER.

The editor sat in his chair alone—
A busier person there never was known—
When in came a farmer, a jolly old soul,
Whose name for long years had been borne on the roll
Of paying subscribers. He had come into town
To bring his good wife and some farm produce down,
And having a moment or two he could spare
Had run in as usual, to bring in a share
Of his own inward sunshine to lighten the gloom
Of the man of the press and his dull, cheerless room.
The editor's smile, as he lifted his eyes
And saw who was there, was of joyful surprise;
And he greeted his friend with a deal of glad zest,
For a good chat with him was like taking a rest.
* * * * * * *
When at length, the old farmer got ready to leave,
He said, with a sly little laugh in his sleeve:
"My dear friend, there is one thing I just want to say—
Now, please don't get vexed, for you know it's my way—
But what makes you put in each paper you print
So much that is worthless—do you take the hint?
Well—petty misfortunes—and little misdeeds—
And lots of small matter that nobody reads."
The editor looked at him square in the face,
At first with a frown, then a smile took its place.
"My dear friend," he replied, "I'm surprised you don't know
Every line in the paper is read—but it's so;
And now, if you wish, I will make my words good,
And prove what I say, as every man should.
I'll put in the very next paper a line
Or two about you—in coarse print or fine,
Whichever you choose, and just where you may say,
And if you don't find on the very next day
That your neighbors all read it, I promise to give
Free subscription to you as long as you live."
"Agreed," said the farmer, "you shall sing a new song;
Put it right in the middle of one of those long
Fine type advertisements—I never yet knew
Any person of sense to read one of those through;
If I hear from it twice, I will bring down to you
The best load of garden sauce I ever grew."
Then the "good days" were passed, and the farmer went out,
And the editor laughed to himself without doubt,
As he thought of his wager and how it would end,
And the nice little joke he would have on his friend;
Then he wrote just two lines, and he ordered them set
In the smallest of type—thinking: "I'll win that bet."
And he placed them himself, to be sure and not fail,
In the midst of a close agate real-estate sale.
For, to better succeed in his little designs,
He'd selected a place where to put these lines
And have them connected with what followed and make
A sentence complete in itself, without break.
These the lines that he wrote: "Our old friend, good James True,
Who is one of the best men the world ever knew,
Of the well known Hope Farm"—that was all that he said
About James, but the next line below these two read
"Will be sold very cheap"—then went on to unfold
The beauties and bounds of the estate to be sold.
The paper was printed. The next day but one,
The farmer came in, with his eyes full of fun;
"You have won," he began, "just as sure as you're born;
Why, before I'd got breakfast ate yesterday morn,
Two or three neighbors called, purpose to see
What that meant in the paper they saw about me.
(I hadn't seen it yet.) Then, during the day,
Every neighbor that met me had something to say
About my being sold. I was sold very cheap,
And you did it well, too; it was too good to keep:
So I've told the whole story, and came with all speed
To bring you the garden sauce, as I agreed."
The editor looked from his window and saw
His friend had brought in all his horses could draw—
All for him; he declined to accept it, but found
That his friend would not listen, and was off with a bound,
Saying, cheerily, as he went out: "In your next
Just say Jim True's preaching, and this is his text:
There is naught in the paper—fruit, flowers or weeds—
Not a line in the paper that nobody reads."
—*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

A STRANGE CHARACTER.

BY CARL RAYMOND.

One evening during the progress of the war of the Revolution in America, an old woman living in the suburbs of Portsmouth, England, was summoned to her door by a knock, and, on opening it found herself confronted with an old man, poorly dressed, with a bundle in his hand, such as travellers of his class frequently carried on their pedestrian tours.

"Madam," he said, respectfully, "can I get to lodge here to-night?"

"It aren't my business to take lodgers," replied the mistress of the house, scanning the applicant closely by the light she held in her hand.

"I s'pose not, madam—but I'm a poor man and want shelter somewhere."

"Well, why don't you go to an inn? there's plenty of them in the town."

"Just because I'm poor and can't afford to pay as much as they'd ask. I've got a little money, only a little, and I want to make it go as far as I can. I'm willing to pay you what's reasonable; and then I'd have something, I'm thinking."

"Who are you? where do you belong? and what's your business?"

"I'm called John the Painter, and that's my business, and I belong anywhere I happen to be. If you're not satisfied with this answer, why good night to you, and I'll trudge on to try my chance somewhere else."

The old woman, who was poor herself, and lived alone in a small, crazy old house, thought she might as well gather in a few pennies, by keeping the traveler, as to let some of her neighbors do it; and so, after a little reflection, she rejoined:

"I s'pose I can keep you, if, as you say, you'll pay me what's reasonable—for, like you, I'm poor, too, and can't afford to do it for nothing. Come in and sit down—you look tired. I s'pose you want supper?"

"Yes, if you please," said John the Painter, as he walked in and took a seat near the fire, upon which he fixed his eyes somewhat abstractedly, while he carelessly threw his hat and bundle down beside him.

For the half hour that the mistress of the house was busied in preparing his supper, the traveler seemed deeply absorbed in matters of his own, and scarcely once took his eyes from the fire or changed his position. At first the old woman gazed at him furtively, with an air of ordinary curiosity, and occasionly ventured some common-place remark; but finding he made no reply, took no notice of her presence, and even seemed not to hear her, she became bolder in her manner, and two or three times stopped near him, staring directly into his face.

He appeared to be between sixty and seventy years of age, had gray hair, a stern, pinched face, a large nose, thin, compressed lips, and cold, staring eyes, the expression of which was far from pleasing, and which was not redeemed by anything else in his countenance. In fact he seemed like a man not at peace with himself or the world, or who was either then brooding over some committed crime or contemplated revenge.

"There sir, your supper's ready, if you want it," at length spoke the mistress, in a half querulous tone, as if offended that none of her previous remarks had been noticed.

The strange traveler took no heed, but still sat staring at the fire.

"I say your supper's ready, man; and, if you want it hot, you'd better eat it before it gets cold, for I'll not warm it again this blessed night, for you nor nobody else!" cried the hostess, in an angry tone.

Still no movement—no response—no indication that her unmusical voice was even heard.

"I say," she half screamed in his ear, at the same time taking hold of his arm rather rudely.

Like a ball he sprung from his seat and confronted her, his eyes looking wild and wicked.

"Good Lord, man, don't scare a body so!" exclaimed the woman, taking two or three quick, backward steps, and turning pale with fright. "I'm only trying to make you understand your supper's ready."

The stranger glared at her for a moment, then glanced at the table, and then seemed to comprehend the true facts.

"Oh! ah! yes!" he replied, with a grim smile. "I beg your pardon!—it's like you have spoken to me before!"

"It's like I have, a half a dozen times, just as I might have talked to a post!"

"Yes, madam, I see—I thank you—I beg your pardon. I was busy thinking and forgot where I was."

He then took his seat at the table, and, while eating his supper, tried to make amends for his former impolite abstraction, by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well in his efforts to please that the mistress of the house became quite charmed with his conversation, and began to think he might possibly be an angel in disguise—or, in other words, a rich and eccentric old gentleman, whom good fortune had thrown in her way for a future husband or possible legacy.

But these bright hopes did not have a long duration—for scarcely had the stranger finished his meal, than he suddenly grew cold, taciturn and presently asked to be shown to his bed. If he slept soundly, the mistress of the house did not—for after the dispelling of the bright fancy of future wealth, she began to fear that the stranger might take a notion to shorten her life before morning, and she lay awake and listened and trembled at every unusual sound.

The night, however, passed off without any disturbance; and at daylight the old man arose and went out, leaving his bundle behind. Scarcely was he out of sight before the curiosity of his hostess set her to work to see if she could gather any new facts.

If he had left a trunk instead of a bundle, she would probably have found a way to open and rummage it; but as it was she had only to untie an old, dirty handkerchief, and there before her eyes lay a shirt, a pair of stockings and a tin box—a curious looking tin box—for which, unfortunately for her ease of mind, she could not imagine any use. She held it up, turned it over, shook it, and tried her best to see into it, and conjecture for what purpose it was made; but not being able to do this, she at length resigned it with a sigh, rolled it up as she had found it, tied up the bundle and went about her own business.

John the Painter came back to a late breakfast, and then settled with the curious widow for all he had had of her, at the same time remarking that he might possibly remain in town another night, in which case he hoped he would be permitted to return and pass another night under her hospitable roof.

To this she now readily gave her consent, again thinking him a man of some consequence.

He then inquired where he could find a tinman; and receiving the proper direction to one, he bade her good-bye and started off, this time taking his bundle with him.

Toward evening, however, he came back, and said he had concluded to stay another night in town, and wanted supper, which the widow again prepared for him.

He ate this meal in silence, and soon after made some excuse to go out.

He was absent two or three hours, and when he returned he reported that there was quite a large fire which he understood to be in some government building that he feared would be consumed.

"But blessed are the poor!" he added, with a strange kind of laugh, which his hostess afterwards recalled; "for they have nothing to lose."

He then went to bed, and appeared to rest well through the night; but rose at the first streak of day, paid his reckoning, and took his departure, saying he would not return.

On going out, an hour or two later, the widow was surprised to see the usually quiet town of Portsmouth in great commotion—groups collected here and there as if discussing some remarkable event—and mounted men, both military and civil, dashing hither and yon, seeming hurried and anxious. On every blank wall, too, there was a flaming placard announcing the startling fact that a hundred thousand pounds worth of naval stores had been destroyed by incendiarism, that secret emissaries of the enemy were supposed to be in their midst, offering large rewards for the arrest and conviction of the guilty, and ordering all citizens to report to the nearest magistrate the names of all strangers who had lodged in town during the last three days and more especially last night.

As soon as the widow fairly understood this matter, she hastened to give in the name of John the Painter, with a description of his person, manner, conversation, and, withal, his curious tin box and visit to the tinman. The latter was immediately sent for, and deposed that he had made a top for the box, which seemed to be a curious affair, the use of which he did not know.

All this fully fixed suspicion upon the eccentric old man; and as it was supposed he had been despatched from town to some distant point by relays of horses, horsemen were sent off in every direction in hot pursuit, with orders to arrest every mounted person they might find.

Somewhere about mid-day John the Painter was overtaken on the regular London road by one of these mounted parties, who stopped and inquired if any one had passed him on horseback that morning.

"Not a soul," replied the old man.

"How long have you been on this road?"

"Since davlight. Why?"

"There was a great destruction of naval stores in Portsmouth last night, the work of some infernal incendiary, and we want to catch the villain."

"Well, do you s'pose he fled on horseback?" said the old man with a peculiar twinkle of his eye.

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, he didn't—he went on foot."

"Ha! how do you know?"

"Because I know the man who did it."

"Who is he? where is he?" demanded the leader excitedly.

"He's called John the Painter, and he's here. I'm the man."

"Take care how you jest, old fellow!" returned the other, warningly; "it might get you into trouble."

"If you can't understand plain English, you're as big a fool as your royal master is knave!" said the old man with an angry sneer. "I tell you I'm the man that did it—and I'm the man that glories in it—and if you don't believe me, ride on and hunt till you get sense!"

The horsemen now thought the old man was crazy; but, after what he had said, they concluded to arrest him and take him back to Portsmouth. They did so, and there he was confronted with the old woman and the tinman, both of whom identified him as the mysterious stranger they had described.

He was then asked to make a confession and name his accomplices.

"I never had any accomplices," said the old man, indignantly. "What I did, I did alone, and I glory in it. I once lived peaceably and happily in the quiet little town of Amboy, State of New Jersey, far away over the great waters; and I'd been living peaceably there to-day, if the minions of King George had let me alone; but they came there, and insulted and abused me, and burned down my dwelling and cast me adrift to shift for myself—and then I took a solemn oath I'd be revenged. It was my first intention to kill your vile king; and I'd have done it only for Mr. Deane, our Secret Minister at Paris, who convinced me it was wrong to slay the Lord's Annointed; and so, as the next best thing I determined to burn as much of the king's property as I could. I came direct from Paris here, and you know what I've done since I got here, and that's enough. I know you'll hang me for it—but I don't care for that. I'm a poor, friendless old man, made sick of life by your accursed deeds; and now that I have got my revenge, I don't care how soon I die."

They sent the old man, under guard, to London, where he underwent a close examination before the Privy Council, but no new facts were elicited. He strictly adhered to his first statement; and, mainly on his own evidence, or confession, he was tried, convicted, sentenced, and hanged.

We have only to add that the foregoing may be relied on as strictly authentic.

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

"Certainly," said Mr. M., "romance is not confined to literature. Truth, as is so often said, is stranger than fiction. Ten years ago my wife and I decided to come to New York together to buy goods. We were keeping a small store in B——— at the time, and matters had not prospered with us, as a rival of mine, who had more money than I, was doing his best to ruin us. In fact we were quite discouraged, and we were making a last effort, for my wife hoped to choose more tempting stock than I could, and by offering novelties reinstate ourselves in our old position as the keepers of the best store in B——.

We got on the train about 9 o'clock and went first to G. & J.'s for woolen goods.—All the way down I had noticed a stranger—a man about 45 years old—who sat near us, look at my wife. But she was, if I say it, a very pretty woman, and that did not surprise me. Besides, a cat as we well know has a right to look upon a king. However, there is a limit to everything, and when I saw the man walking behind us it struck me that I did note like it. And when at G. & J.'s he walked in and began to price woolen goods in a way that made me sure he knew nothing about them I grew angry.

However, even that might have been a coincidence, and it was only when we had been to H———'s and V———'s and were going to lunch, and I had seen him following us with his eyes on my wife, that I made up my mind to bear it no longer.

We went into lunch. He took the table opposite us. However, the restaurant was for the public. I gave him a glance, and he colored and looked away; but he was on our heels again when we left. Then I made up my mind to put end an to it and we came to a large stationery store in ——— street I stopped, dropped my wife's arm and requested her to go on by herself to make the purchases, as she was more accustomed to that sort of stock than I.

She did as I told her, but—

"Oh, Frank," she whispered, "don't quarrel with that man. I know you are going to speak to him."

"Don't be frightened my dear," I said, "I am quite calm. I only intend to end this annoyance."

And as she left me, I took a step toward the stranger, who lingered on the sidewalk. He met me half way.

"Sir," said he, "will you tell me that lady's name?"

"That lady is my wife, sir," I answered.

"Then, sir, you can give me all the information I desire," he went on. "I wish to know your wife's maiden name."

"Is this some old love of Fanny's?" I asked myself, and started at him indignantly.

"A curious question," I said.

"I will put it in another form, then," he said.

"Look here. He took from his pocket a daguerreotype, one of those old fashioned things never seen now-a-days, and opened the case. "Who is that?" he then said.

I looked at it. It was a better portrait of my wife than I had ever seen taken before.

"That is my wife," I said

"How old is your wife?" said he. "Wait. Your wife cannot be more than thirty. This is a portrait of a woman of thirty-five, and it was taken twenty-seven years ago. It is my mother's portrait; but you can see the likeness of your wife. I ran away from home when I wns a boy, but took my dear mother's picture with me. I left a little sister, who was said, even at three years old, to be her mother's image. That little sister's name was Fanny Faulkner. I am Jas. Faulkner. A year ago I came back to America, and I found my parents gone from their old home and no trace remaining of them. I believed the whole family to be dead, but, when to-day I saw your wife, I could not help hoping that she was my sister."

I listened and felt sure that the man spoke the truth. He had mentioned my wife's maiden name, and I knew of her runaway brother. I told him so, and called Fanny. We went together to a friend's house, where we talked everything over.

He proved to be Fanny's brother, and I had the happiness of telling him that his mother still lived at our home.

It was a very happy family greeting, and moreover, a very fortunate one for us. My wife's brother was rich and generous; he assisted me materially, and helped me to overcome my difficulties. To-day he is our best friend, and an inmate of our house, and yet it is strange to think that if we had not met in the streets of New York that day we should not have met at all, for he had intended to sail for Europe by the next steamer, never to return.

THE RAILROAD LIAR.

It has always been a source of wonder to me, says Burdette, what a railway corporation expects to gain by keeping the movements of its trains profound mysteries from the traveling public, especially during periods of sudden emergencies, accidents and annoying delays. The passengers on the trains, the waiting friends and expectant passengers at the stations are alike snubbed, misled by evasive replies, or directly or intentionally misinformed. All this makes the delay doubly exasperating to the waiting people, and it doesn't move the delayed train a minute faster and doesn't add to the popularity of the road.

When the recent flurry of snow and boreal winds and Arctic cold swept over the land I waited at a great city station of one of the greatest railroads in America for a train due at 5 o'clock P. M. I suspected the train would be late. By diligent inquiry I managed to find five men in the uniform of the railroad company's employes, who assured me that they didn't know anything about that train.

Well, as a general thing, a railroad man is not expected to know anything about the trains on his own road I suppose. If that is so, these five neatly uniformed men in the handsomest station in America filled the bill to perfection. That is what the brakeman Mellas and conductor Hanford knew, and they have got into trouble and an indictment for it.

But I continued my search, and unearthed one or two more uniformed specimens of colossal ignorance of all matters remotely pertaining to the railroad, one of the specimens, the one with the bluest coat and brightest buttons, expressing great surprise at learning that there were any trains at all on the road that day. Presently I found a liar, who deliberately told me the express was only forty-five minutes behind time. I afterward learned that he was not the regular liar, but was a supernumerary who was just learning his business, and only went on in star parts when the regular liar was sick. But on this occasion there were so many anxious people asking questions that the entire force of liars at the disposal of the company was on the stage at once, assisted by the full strength of the entire ballet. I met most of them. I found a light comedy liar who, when I asked him how much was "22" behind, said it was all behind the engine. The sarcastic liar finished telling a nervous old woman that the train would be in before morning, and then when I asked him where it was now he said his watch had stopped, and went away to tell another passenger it would be along in twenty minutes. At last I found the *premiere* liar, who is never sarcastic, never evasive, always polite, always direct, and never ill-natured. He looked me straight in the eyes, and in tones earnest with conviction told me at 7.30 P. M. the train was only an hour late. He told me the same thing again at 8 o'clock; quietly and earnestly he repeated this declaration at 9.15 P. M.; at 10.20 he re-affirmed it; he stuck to it at 11; when midnight paused in the sky he called upon the stars to witness that what he said was true; he stuck to it at 1 A. M.; and at last, at 3 o'clock in the morning, that train came in, ten hours behind, and the *premiere* liar was still telling the questioning people that it was an hour behind schedule time.

Now what good did all this deceit and misrepresentation do the railroad company? It didn't make a pound of steam; it didn't clear away a snow drift; it didn't deceive the public, who have come to disbelieve almost anything a station employe tells them about delayed trains. It would be some comfort to a man waiting for a train to know how long he has to wait. If it is going to be ten hours, he will go home and start next day. And when a train is ten hours late surely somebody in the employ of the company must know something about it. It is true the employes are pestered and bothered by the endless questioning of the waiting, impatient, restless crowd, but if they can't stand questioning they should leave the railroad and go to work in a powder-mill, where people will not crowd around them and ask questions.

SWEET-MINDED WOMEN.—So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her, that it is almost boundless. It is her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing the victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which acts as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits that are wearied with the stern realities of life. The rough school boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large troubles, finds a heaven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instances of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with her's.

DUEL ON HORSEBACK.

A FAMOUS ENCOUNTER AT NEW ORLEANS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Apropos of the recent marriage at Paris of Miss Emily Schaumburg, to an English gentleman, Col. Charles Hughes-Hallet (the proprietor, it is said, of the estate charged with the ancient tribute of the Dunmow flitch of bacon), the New Orleans *Times* tells a picturesque story of a famous duel fought on horseback near that city many years ago by Miss Lula Schaumburg's father, then a Lieutenant in the Second Dragoons. It is a pleasing tale in itself and suggests curious reflections on the difference between the social ethics of New Orleans half a century ago and those of New York as illustrated in the Loubat-Turnbull affair to-day. Lieutenant Schaumburg, dwelling in New Orleans, had a difficulty with a creole gentleman of the class so strikingly described by Mr. Cable in the "Grandissimes." This particular Grandissime was one of three brothers famed for their chivalric valor—the Curvelliers, Alexander, Adolphe and Joseph. The latter still survives, an octogenarian, universally respected by the citizens of New Orleans. He is a kind, gentle, and amiable old gentleman, who still halts on one leg, perforated in one of his youthful rencontres.

Adolphe Curvellier it was who called Lieutenant Schaumburg to account for some slight put upon his honor. Schaumburg accepted the challenge, and as a cavalry officer his brother officers decided that, having the choice of weapons and mode of combat, he enjoy the privilege of fighting on horseback, with sabres or swords. His seconds, officers of his regiment, insisted upon that mode of combat. Popular sentiment did not regard such terms as legitimate. A civilian of delicate frame, wholly unused to cavalry service, unskilled in horsemanship or in sabre exercise, was certainly not the equal adversary of a stalwart, broad-shouldered, heavy dragoon, who had been long practiced and drilled in the exercise of his art as a cavalry officer of the crack dragoon regiment of the regular United States army.

Nevertheless Curvellier did not hesitate to accept the terms of the combat. A week's preparation and training were accorded the parties. Curvellier placed himself in the hands and under the training of two gallant creole gentlemen of tested courage and skill, Mandeville Marigny and Emile La Sere, who still live, some years past 70, remarkable examples of well-preserved faculties and spirit. Marigny, under the auspices of King Louis Philippe in the cavalry school of Saumar, was a classmate of the Duke of Orleans, and at his graduation had been commissioned into the cuirassiers and served several campaigns in that corps.

He was an accomplished equestrian and swordsman, of the coolest courage and iron nerve. He assumed the charge and drilling of his friend Adolphe and of his charger, devoting many hours of the day to the training of both horse and rider, until he had brought them to perfection in their respective functions in a hand-to-hand combat. His practice was that of the French cuirassiers, who use a long, straight sword in rest, and at a charge like a lance, while the dragoon's weapon is a broadsword, which they can sweep over their heads, slash and cut ad libitum, giving little heed to their adversary's thrust. Schaumburg was drilled with the broadsword.

The day, hour, and place of the rencontre had been duly advertised, and the people flocked to the race-course at Carrollton as to a great festival to witness the combat. There were thousands present, who occupied the seats allotted to the attendants of the races. There was no charge for admission to the grounds. The parties were promptly on the ground at the appointed hour. Principals and seconds were mounted on the best trained and highest-blooded chargers that could be obtained in the city. Schaumburg had borrowed for the occasion a magnificent blooded stallion, owned by Col. Oliver, a sportsman esteemed throughout the South as a most experienced stock-breeder and judge of horseflesh. Cuvellier's had been selected for him by Marigny. He, too, was of high blood, but of less weight and power than his adversary. The combatants were stationed at a distance of a hundred yards apart. The blast of a trumpet was the signal for the charge. It was gallantly and impetuously made, the splendid chargers putting themselves on their highest mettle and speed, and their riders directing them against each other with desperate force. Their swords met and clashed violently. Cuvellier, by a slight inclination of his head, protected himself from the sweep of Schaumburg's sabre, which clove his hat and uncovered him, while his own long sword grazed the neck of Schaumburg's charger. The great impetus of the combatants carried them some distance asunder and a halt was sounded, when the quick and agile second of Cuvellier, Emile La Sere, leaping from his horse and picking up the hat of his friend restored it to him, so that when the cavaliers had wheeled they were both in good condition and preparation for another charge.

The trumpet again sounded. The two high mettled animals, obedient to the spirit of their riders, again rushed at one another. The swords again met and clashed. But that of Cuvellier was more certain and vigorous in its aim than in the previous conflict. While the savage thrust of Schaumburg wasted its power on the pommel of the saddle of his adversary Cuvellier's long sword passed its full length through the muscular neck of the noble charger of his adversary, severing the main arteries and causing him to reel over and fall to the earth.

His rider narrowly escaped being crushed under the wounded charger. The seconds then interfered. The combat was declared "off." The splendid charger of Col. Oliver in a few minutes yielded up his proud spirit. The parties retired from the field. The crowd dispersed much discontented with the result of the combat. Honor was satisfied, but Col. Oliver's beautiful horse was delivered over to the Street Commissary, and a very disagreeable legal question arose as to the responsibility for this loss and damage; who should pay for the horse—his rider or his slayer? Lieut. Schaumburg did not continue long in the service after this event, and removing to Philadelphia married a lady of the Page family, engaged in civil pursuits, studied law, and was a frequenter of legal and political circles in Washington and Philadelphia, prosecuting certain claims against the Government, and never attracting much attention until his beautiful daughter Emile effulged upon society and gave him renown as the father of the belle of many seasons.

GARDEN SASS—scolding over the back fence.

ODD LEGAL STORIES.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD LONDON LAWYER.

Sergeant Ballantine, who is London born, began his legal career in the period when oil lamps dimly lighted the streets of the great city; when bishops walked about in white wigs, three-cornered hats, long silk aprons and knee breeches; when Burke and Hare by the liberal art of murder provided subjects for the dissecting table; and when the Duke of Wellington was the most adored and the most talked of man in the kingdom. The Sergeant does not forget to tell the story of the Duke's joining Crockford's, the famous gambling resort, that he might blackball his sons if they became candidates; nor that other more venerable tale of his mingling his tears with Blutcher's over the dead of Waterloo. And apropos of Blucher comes the old anecdote of his admiration for London after a gorgeous city dinner: "What a splendid city it would be to sack," cried the old Prussian to his beaming hosts. Not the least engaging portion of Ballantine's reminiscences are those of his early struggle as a poor barrister;—his encounters with duns, his wonderings as to whence next day's dinner was coming. One of his first briefs was given to him by a rather shady attorney of the Jewish persuasion; and being at that time without experience, young Ballantine yielded implicitly to his instructions. "

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - JUNE 16, 1882.

CONGRESS has now been in session something over six months, and the Committee of Ways and Means believe a *sine die* adjournment can be effected by the 10th of July.

IT is now seven weeks since the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, and as no clue has yet been obtained which promises to lead to the arrest of those who perpetrated it, the strong probabilities are that they will never be brought to public justice.

THERE is no change in the great iron workers' strike, at Pittsburg, looking to its speedy termination, but work was resumed on Monday last at the seven iron mills, in Cincinnati. The Milwaukee rolling mills are preparing to resume, and the manufacturers of St. Louis are anxious to put their works in operation at the same prices paid at Cincinnati. At Pittsburg each party—the strikers and employers—seem to regard a victory for their side as certain.

T. V. POWDERLY, of Scranton, was somewhat late in receiving official notice of his nomination for Lieutenant Governor by the Greenback-Labor State convention, but he didn't hesitate after he had been notified in declining it.—Mr. Powderly is President of the Knights of Labor society, or organization, in this State, and as he enjoys the reputation of being thoroughly honest in his efforts to promote the interest of the laboring men, he believes he can better accomplish his purpose outside of parties than by playing the part of a political demagogue.

GEORGE LEAR, who was President of Cameron's State convention, but who says he will not go near it when it meets at Harrisburg on Wednesday next in obedience to the unauthorized call of Tom Cooper, chairman of the State Committee, is credited with having made the statement in Philadelphia, a few days ago, that in his opinion if the Democrats nominate Judge Trunkey for Governor they will elect him beyond all doubt, and that he (Lear) would vote for him owing to his pure record and his admitted qualifications.

THE great and growing influence exercised by Michael Davitt can be estimated from the editorial comments of the Dublin *Mail*, the government organ, on his recent speech at Manchester, England. The *Mail* while it denounces him says: "There is no use in our shutting our eyes to the fact that in the present crisis Davitt's pronouncements are more important than those of any person in the three kingdoms. Others may prose as the equals, or even the superiors, of Davitt, but to him who looks below the surface it is as clear as the noon day sun that the Fenian convict is the real leader of the movement."

IN view of the estimate of the Postmaster General that during the coming fiscal year, the receipts of his department will more than pay its expenses, Congress ought to meet the popular demand by reducing the rate of postage on letters to two cents and on newspapers and other printed matter to half the present rate. It won't be done, however, during the present session, now rapidly drawing to a close, for the reason that the Republicans in the House have other projects in view, the principal one being to close up the business of turning Democratic members from the South out of their seats. Four Democrats have already been disposed of and others will be made to to walk the plank, especially Tillman, of South Carolina, whose place is wanted by Bob Small, a convicted but unpunished colored patriot of the fine old carpet-bag days. He ought to be in the penitentiary, but the Republicans prefer having him in the House, where his vote is sure to be cast for any corrupt job that may turn up. That cheap postage, however, must soon come, does not admit of any doubt.

NO REPUBLICAN in this State has done more dirty work for the Camerons than John Cessna, who was retired from political life at the last November election by the voters of the Bedford and Somerset judicial district. In the Republican State convention of 1880, Cessna acted as the slavish tool of Don Cameron in moulding the delegation from this State to the Chicago convention, and went to the convention himself as a Grant man, though he knew his district was opposed to the third term project, which was the prime cause in bringing about the present Independent Republican movement. At last, however, he realizes the hopeless condition of his party and confessed last week that he saw no prospect but Republican defeat in "State and nation," unless something was done, and that quickly, to restore harmony. Cessna's remedy is two-fold, the first being to induce Governor Hoyt to call an extra session of the Legislature for the purpose of passing a Congressional apportionment bill. But Hoyt said emphatically three or four times last spring that he wouldn't do anything of the kind, and only a short time ago declared that in his opinion the best thing that could happen the Republican party in this State next fall would be to "get a good licking." Cessna's additional remedy, assuming that an extra session was called, is to have a new Republican State convention and a new ticket. We supposed he knew Cameron better than to believe that he would ever consent to the withdrawal of Beaver, upon whose nomination and election he has staked his political future, Cessna always and notably when he he was a brawling Democrat, has shown first-class abilities in involving his party in serious trouble, but very little skill in relieving it. He is now in the condition of a drowning man grasping at a straw, and the only thing for him to do is to shut his eyes, face the danger, and prepare to go down with the Republican ship.

THE Republican State convention will reassemble at Harrisburg on Wednesday next, to go through the empty form of ratifying Cameron's choice for Congressman-at-large in place of "glorious old Tom Marshall," who had political sagacity enough to see the approaching storm and to get out of its way by a letter of resignation. The body that will meet next Wednesday will not at all be the same convention that nominated the State ticket on the 10th of May. Marshall himself says he will not attend it, and Lear, who was its presiding officer, repudiates it, as does also Gen. Elliott, one of the Bedford county delegates, together with quite a number of delegates in various other sections of the State. Cameron's candidate, as was announced by the Philadelphia papers after Marshall's declination, is John Wanamaker, the well-known merchant of that city, and on Saturday last, twenty-four out of the forty-six delegates from that county to the State convention held a conference and agreed to support Mr. Wanamaker's nomination if he will accept it. It is not worth while to waste words in discussing his nomination, which, of course, will be made if Cameron says it must be made and Wanamaker consents. It is a matter of no sort of consequence, as we regard the issue of the present campaign, who takes Marshall's place on the ticket. That ticket will be defeated and the rule of Camerism hopelessly overthrown. He who doubts this knows next to nothing about the politics of the State and has a very poor conception of the unalterable purposes of the leaders of the Independent movement to crush out and utterly destroy the one-man power. Even a united State ticket by the two factions coming together is out of the question. Colonel McMichael, of Philadelphia, who is the Independent candidate for Congressman-at-large, in speaking a few days ago of a union of the Cameron and anti-Cameron factions said: "No true Republican will entertain such a proposition for a moment. The principles declared in the Independent platform, and of which the action of the convention is the expression, cannot be modified or changed. They are essentially true and essentially right and there can, therefore, be no compromise, no coalition." The motto with the independents is "Death to Cameronism," or, as Dr. Doane, of Williamsport, a Republican stump speaker of wide reputation, puts it: "If there is not brains enough and courage enough to turn Don Cameron out of the Republican party, it ought to die."

THE most singular Washington City rumor since the meeting of the Independent Republican convention of this State, on the 25th of May, is that Lowell, the United States Minister at London, is soon to be recalled for his base subserviency to the British government touching its arrest of naturalized American citizens in Ireland, and that Cameron will be permitted to name his successor. If there is any truth at the bottom of this rumor the obvious purpose to be affected is to strengthen Mr. Arthur's administration with Irish voters for having removed so obnoxious a man as Lowell, and also to enable Cameron to make capital with Irish voters for his State ticket in the present campaign by claiming that *his* selection of a better man than Lowell shows him to be a friend of Irish-Americans. Arthur will not hesitate to do anything that Cameron asks him to do to enable him to elect his ticket in this State at the November election. That result would materially strengthen Arthur's chances of becoming the Republican candidate for President in 1884, and as he has always been known as a "practical politician" he is keenly alive to the vast importance of maintaining Cameron's political supremacy in this State as one of the means by which his own nomination may be brought about. Don Cameron can never conciliate or produce the least impression on the Irish vote of this State. Why should he? In 1854, when Knownothingism was spawned, his sire, Simon Cameron, then one of the Democratic leaders in this State, disgraced himself and dishonored his Scotch-Irish father, by joining a Harrisburg lodge of that most infamous order, which enabled him the next year to become the nominee of the Knownothing majority in the Legislature for United States Senator. He wasn't elected, however, even though Charles R. Buckalew, the Democratic nominee, couldn't count more than twenty-five votes all told in both houses, so sweeping had been the Knownothing victory. Irishmen in this State have not forgotten Simon Cameron's hostility to them at the period of which we are speaking, and so far at least as they are concerned, the odium and contempt in which they have ever since held him will always make them the determined political enemies of his son.

THE Independent Republican campaign was inaugurated by a meeting at Library Hall, Pittsburg, on last Tuesday night, which in character, numbers and enthusiasm is represented to have been one of the most remarkable political meetings ever held in that city. The meeting was presided over by ex-Congressman Gen. J. K. Moorehead, assisted by a large number of Vice Presidents, and was addressed by Col. Levi B. Duff, of Pittsburg, Independent Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor, Col. Wm. McMichael, of Philadelphia, candidate for Congressman-at-large, and John Stewart, of Chambersburg, candidate for Governor. We have glanced over the speeches of these three gentlemen and find, as we expected, that their beginning, middle and conclusion, or, in other words, their entire scope, is an arraignment of and a most vigorous protest against Cameronism, its personal aims and its tyrannical methods. *That* is the supreme issue in this campaign between the two wings of the Republican party, and the result involves the continued political supremacy of Cameronism on the one hand, or its complete and humiliating overthrow on the other. No man who will read what these candidates said at Pittsburg, can mistake for one moment the object they propose to accomplish, which is the political destruction of Don Cameron as the boss of the Republican party in this State.

A Slander of Irish Patriotism.

The thick-and-thin organ of Republicanism, the New York *Tribune*, denounces the Irish leaders, Parnell and Dillon, as the authors of the assassination and murder, and traduces the patriotic Irish party as a band of outlaws and cutthroats. In yesterday's issue the leading editorial is devoted to an effort to prove that Messrs. Parnell and Dillon are responsible for the crimes recently committed in Ireland, and to show that the Land League and other patriotic Irish societies are simply conspiracies against law and order and organized to terrorize and butcher those who incur their enmity. The *Tribune* would not be an exponent of the Hamiltonian idea of centralized government if it were not an admirer of British despotism under which Ireland has been crushed for nearly a century. It simply voices the sentiment of its party in denouncing the efforts of the Irish people to recover their lost liberties and it is entirely consistent in applying to Irish patriotism the theory of Thaddeus Stephens, the patron saint of sham Republicanism, that a State forced into a political union with a government to which the people are opposed has no rights except such as may be granted by that government. The *Tribune* and the Republican party have so long and so bitterly opposed home rule in the South that they cannot tolerate the idea that it should prevail anywhere in the wide world.

Terrorism and murder are to be condemned under any circumstances. The Irish leaders and the Irish people condemn as emphatically and deplore as deeply the crimes that have been committed in their country as those who admire the detestable British land laws and maintain the right of England to hold Ireland in political slavery. But injustice and oppression have driven the Irish people to desperation. Laws which do not protect but oppress bring all law into contempt in the minds of those who suffer. Such laws breed revolution, and with revolution comes anarchy and bloodshed. The Land League is a revolutionary organization and while it seeks by peaceful means to effect the reforms at which it aims it would be remarkable, indeed, if its efforts were not attended by violence on the part of those they were unable to restrain. Ireland is in a state of revolution to-day. The same excesses which attend all outbreaks of a revolutionary character are to be expected in that country. The patriots of 1776 did not think it murder to hang a tory. The frenzied loyalists and crazy secessionists of 1861 alike deemed it God's service to the cause they respectively espoused a short shrift and a long rope. Is it expected that the Irish people are exempt from the passions which have traced in blood the revolutionary history of other nations? Because war has not been declared and armies raised by the Land League to murder thousands of Englishmen and to cause the slaughter of its own adherents, does its mode of procedure fall short of revolution or are its acts the less provocative of revolutionary excesses? Or do the *Tribune* and the sham republicanism for which it speaks regard the sufferings of Ireland as not sufficient justification for revolution? It is the most short-sighted foolishness to treat the Irish uprising against the land laws as simple agrarianism and as inspired by a mere thirst for revenge upon the English oppressor. It is a political movement intended to secure self government to Ireland. It has shown such power that it may justly be regarded as accomplished revolution. Even the more advanced and thoughtful English liberals look upon it in that light and mean to show their sensibility of the fact at the parliamentary elections. It would be marvellous, therefore, that an American newspaper should manifest the rancorous hatred of the Irish cause displayed in the *Tribune* if it were not understood that the idea of home rule anywhere and every where is odious and intolerable to the party which that journal represents.—*Harrisburg Patriot*, 13th.

"A POLITICAL SECRET."—Some parties are circulating a printed letter among certain Democrats, calculated to influence the coming Democratic State convention. The letter encloses a copy of the platform of the Greenback State convention and is sent to all bank offices of corportions in the State who are Democrats. Advices to the Philadelphia *Times* and other papers have it that "it is regarded as a blow at the movement to nominate Judge Trunkey, to accomplish his defeat directly or to make a platform upon which he could not possibly stand. It is said that Hopkins is in the movement, and that the circular can be traced back to William L. Scott, of Erie." The circular runs as follows:

PITTSBURGH, June 11, 1882.

DEAR SIR: It now seems possible for the Democratic party to carry this State, and thus gather power for the next Presidential contest. The issues now, if successful, will be likely to be adopted then, and anything objectionable should, therefore, be carefully excluded from the platform of the party at the coming convention. The enclosed platform, it will be noticed, antagonizes banks, railroads, telegraphs, and large land-holders as monopolies, thus seeking to prejudice the people against the right of every man or association of men to manage its own property on the business principles recognized throughout all history. Since the war, whenever the Democratic party has leaned to the heresies set forth in the enclosed platform, it has met with overwhelming defeat. Witness the elections in this State last fall and repeatedly in Ohio, and now, that it may again come to the front, care should be taken that a sound, outspoken, business platform may be adopted and the right kind of candidates nominated on it. See the delegates, if already elected, and impress upon them your view. If not elected, see that the right kind of men are sent from your district or county. Attend the conventions if your delegates are disposed to be communistic, and neutralize their influence.

OF the celebrated 306 who voted for Grant at Chicago forty-three were from New York, but Clerical Error Stoughton having died there remain but forty-two to receive the medals struck in commemoration of the shameless persistency of these men in the effort to restore corrupt boss rule. The Utica *Observer* has prepared a list of these and finds that only one among the whole lot has never held an office, while the remaining forty-one have averaged over two offices each, having among them held eighty-seven salaried positions, from which they have drawn in all about $2,000,000. That is the material out of which the Grant phalanx was composed. And it is about the same in Pennsylvania. Beaver leads the list and sold Blaine out for the promise of the Gubernatorial nomination. Don Cameron has paid the wages of sin and it remains to be seen if the people will ratify the bargain.—*Pittsburg Post*.

THE thinnest thing out, says the Pittsburg *Post*, is the secret circular, suggesting that the Democrats should lay down a certain sort of platform at their State convention to antagonize the labor element of the State. Whether it had a Cameron or a Greenback origin, the fabrication is transparent and shows a lack of invention. It is probably the work of a newsgatherer scant of material. The story of the movement to nominate General Hancock for Governor, on his recent visit to York, was started by an inventive 'special,' bound to have a "sensation" and a "beat." It took pretty well, and called forth columns of editorial in the New York papers. There is a strong possibility that the circular referred to may be one end of Cameron's business scare.

—Twelve divorce suits have been entered in Erie within a week.

THE NEW SILK INDUSTRY.

The greatest incentive to engage in silk culture is the knowledge that there is a home market for $15,000,000 worth of floss, which American manufacturers are obliged to import from foreign lands. The other consideration is, that silk culture furnishes women and children in the rural districts with a congenial occupation that does not require constant attention, and so will not interfere with household duties.

In view of these facts the Women's Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia was organized two years ago, for the attention of the women of the country to the opportunity given them for establishing a new industry, both suitable and profitable; and also to give the necessary instructions to all desiring to engage in silk culture.

The success of this pioneer association is remarkable; there has been aroused a wide spread interest in the cultivation of cocoons, which must go on increasing until the aim of the association is fulfilled.

This fact was most forcibly presented at the last exhibition of the association at which the display of coccoons was very fine and interesting. The chief feature of the exhibition was the display of specimen cocoons by the twenty-six contestants for the Strawbridge & Clothier premiums. The first of which, by the way, was carried off by Mrs. Rebecca Taylor (mother of Bayard Taylor) who is over 82 years of age, and a sufferer from paralysis.

The association announces that thro' the liberality of Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier, the well-known dry goods merchants of Philadelphia, it is again enabled to offer to the silk culturists the sum of five hundred dollars in ten premiums, as follows: first premium, $100; second premium, $75; third premium, $65; fourth premium, $60; fifth premium, $50; sixth premium, $45; seventh premium, $40; eighth premium, $30; ninth premium, $25; tenth premium, $10. For these premiums any resident of the United States may contest. From the ten largest amounts of cocoons, one pound will be taken, without selection, and the test of reeling applied; the quantity and quality will be the conditions for premium. Application for competition must be endorsed and the amount of this year's cocoons raised by the culturist, testified to by some responsible person. Stock must be sent no later than December 1, 1882.

Anyone with sufficient land to grow a few mulberry trees can add the rearing of silk worms to their daily care and find it a source of pleasure and profit. The work occupies but a small portion of the year, and a child can attend to the daily gathering of leaves and feeding the worms. If a supply of mulberry leaves cannot be had, an osage orange hedge will answer every purpose. The osage orange leaf is admirable food for the silk worms, from which they spin splendid silk.

A very interesting event of national interest, connected with the subject of silk culture, has just occurred in Philadelphia. The Women's Silk Culture Association selected silk from twenty-six families living in fourteen States; had it spun on a "Yankee" reel, made into a web of twenty-eight thousand webs of silk, and woven as a brocade on a Jocquad loom, requiring three thousand six hundred needles to form the original and striking design. This is the first brocade ever woven in America of American silk; and probably the the heaviest in texture of any brocade ever woven. It is known as the Garfield dress, as it is the intention of the association to present this magnificent fabric to Mrs. James A. Garfield.

VICAR GENERAL QUINN, of New York, recently mentioned Captain DeLong, of the Jeannette expedition, as one of his proteges at the Sunday school of St. Peter's church, in Barclay street, New York, as long ago as 1856. "He and his mother, who was a very charming Irish lady," said the Vicar General "lived in Beekman street, I think, and he came to the Sunday school quite regularly. He showed signs of great brilliancy so that I took an exceptional interest in him. He passed many hours with me, and I used to take great pleasure in answering the questions of the bright dear boy. Ben Wood, who was then our representative in Congress for the district, told me that he had an appointment for the Naval Academy, and asked me if I did not know some capable boy whom he could justly recommend. I recommended DeLong, giving him a letter to Mr. Wood, who appointed him after a very satisfactory examination. While he was at the Naval Academy he would always write to me and visit me in vacation, and seemed to bear me in kindly remembrance. From one of his travels in the Holy Land he brought me the top of a little round table as a pleasant souvenir, and indeed, always showed me a great affection. I am most grieved at his sad end. I cannot recall any special incidents of his boyhood, when I knew him more closely, as it is such a long time ago."

THREE MURDERERS LYNCHED IN KANSAS.—Peter Vineyard, George Robinson and Ike King, all colored, were taken from jail at Lawrence, Kan., on Saturday morning, at 1 o'clock, by a crowd of vigilantes, and hanged from the bridge. Sheriff Ashier offered all the resistance in his power, but was compelled to submit. Robinson pleaded for his life and fell on his knees three times while being taken to the point of execution. King said, when he was about to drop: "Boys, let down easy." The men beyond said: "Did you let Bausman down easy?" and gave King a shove. The new vineyard and Robinson were broken, but King's was not. Last night there was talk of revenge by the colored people, though most of them say the punishment was deserved. Vineyard had his life insured for $5,000. The crime for which these three men were thus summarily punished was the murder of David Bausman, of Southern Ohio, a well-to-do farmer. Bausman came to Lawrence about a week ago on a visit to relatives in the country, became intoxicated and was lured to the river bank by a degraded daughter of Vineyard, where the three murdered and robbed their victim. All confessed their guilt after arrest.

DR. J. S. MCKENZIE, the New York Oculist, who is stopping at the Mansion House, intends leaving here in a day or two. The Doctor has been very actively engaged in the practice of his profession during his stay here of three months. From our exchanges before he came to our town, and from many persons that he has treated since he came here, we have heard the best reports regarding his skill and success in the treatment of eyes. One notable case among many the Doctor treated here is young Grant Barnitz, brother of lawyer Barnitz. This young gentleman had to leave off going to school over a year ago on account of his eyes. He tried and did everything to overcome the difficulty but without success until he came under the care of Dr. McKenzie. The trouble has been removed. His sight he informs us is now good and does not bother him a particle. The Doctor made many warm friends here, and we are glad to say, on the eve of his departure, he did a vast amount of good. We cheerfully recommend him to the afflicted wherever he may go.—*Carlisle Valley Spirit*.

A FAMILY AND COMMUNION WINE.—The grape crop of A. Speer's vineyards in New Jersey last year was double that of any previous year. His vineyards in New Jersey have so increased each year that he has been enabled to keep a stock five or six years ahead. None sold less than four years old. It has become a popular wine among the best physicians in New York, and is largely used for communion purposes, and for weak and aged persons. For sale by E. James, Ebensburg, Pa.

RESTORED TO SIGHT.—Senator Alexander's son, who was obliged to leave college six months ago on account of some affection of his eyes, is back again at the State College with restored eyesight. Dr. McKenzie, the New York oculist, attended the case and thanks to his skill Mr. Alexander informs us his eyes and sight are better than they have ever been. The disease was functional and known to oculists as Compound Myopic Astigmatism.—*Bellefonte Centre Democrat*.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.—Hires' Improved Root Beer package makes five gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling temperance beverage. Ask your druggist for it, or sent by mail for twenty-five cents. Charles E. Hires, 48 North Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. [6-9.-13t.]

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A little North Carolina girl got hold of a jug of whisky, and drank until she fell dead.

—Three rafts, containing 27,000 cubic feet of timber, were recently sold at Marietta for $7,000.

—For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. At James' drug store.

—Amelia Wells, a gypsy queen, with attendants and forty horses and wagons, is encamped near Erie.

—Cronp, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. At James' drug store.

—Harris French, delirious from small-pox jumped out of a window of the Leavenworth pest-house and broke his neck.

—Five lives were lost by a terrible storm in Southern Colorado last Saturday. Great destruction of property is reported.

—Emmeline West, of Richmond, has been poisoned once, shot twice, and stabbed three times, but is still alive and well.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. At James' drug store.

—A man named Priest and his wife while boating at Neenah, Wisconsin, on Sunday, were carried over a dam and drowned.

—Nervousness, peevishness, and fretting, so often connected with overworked females' lives, is rapidly relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Mrs. Byer, 70 years of age, was killed by a ram a short distance from her residence, in Ovid Township, Branch county, Michigan, one day last week.

—William Gaylord Gordon, aged 115, died near Mount Gilead, O., on the 11th instant. He was a confirmed slave to tobacco, which habit no doubt hastened his death.

—Patrick McSweeney, a railroad laborer, living near Pittsburgh, struck and killed his wife with an axe on Friday night while insane from jealousy. He was arrested.

—Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness, and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. At James' drug store.

—The first lot of new oats was received in St. Louis from Texas and sold at auction on Monday noon at fifty-five cents in bulk and fifty-eight and one-half cents in sacks.

—The four-year-old son of N. W. Baker, of Bethlehem township, Washington county, got the metal cap off a lead pencil Wednesday, in his mouth, and slipping into his throat choked him to death.

—An angry young man struck his brother with a stone at Woodstock, Va., and then, thinking he had killed him, and being stricken with remorse, committed suicide. The brother was only stunned.

—William Milliken, of Boston, while hunting with a party in the vicinity of Lake Piseco, N. Y., last Saturday, was killed by a bear. The guide who went to his rescue was probably fatally injured.

—Robert Stephenson, the largest sawmill owner in Michigan, died at Menominee on Thursday night, from the effects of inhalation of fumes from the engine suddenly blown into his face by a change of wind.

—Gus Anders, proprietor of the Ocean View hotel, Atlantic City, who, it is said, was made insane by protracted sickness, on Saturday afternoon stabbed his wife and then cut his own throat. Both are expected to die.

—A Little Rock special from the Indian territory says a terrible storm passed over Broken Arrow and the surrounding country on Monday last. The damage to crops and property is very large. Several lives were lost.

—Lieutenant Danehower has learned from Melville that a memorandum was found on the body of De Long, of the Jeanette, dated October 18, 1881, show that at that date four of De Long's party were dead and another dying.

—D. W. Vanderhoof, who stole $100,000 while bookkeeper of the First National bank of St. Paul, pleaded guilty on an indictment and was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary at Stillwater. He lost $30,000 in one wheat deal.

—Michael Davitt who sailed for this country on Friday last, says his object is to make an appeal toward the support of Miss Anna Parnell and the Ladies Land League. He is announced to speak at Troy, N. Y., on the Fourth of July.

—Nathan T. Luck, a prominent farmer of Bedford county, Va., was driving a carriage to church on Sunday, when the horses ran away, overturning the vehicle. One of his two children was killed outright and the other seriously injured.

—In Monroe county, Mississippi, on Sunday, a 7-year-old white girl named Arknew was feloniously assaulted by George Becket, colored. Becket was arrested and committed to jail, but at night a mob took possession of him and hanged him to a tree.

—The Philadelphia *Press* implores Governor Hoyt to put forth as the deliverer of the Republican party from the depth of perplexity. As the recognized head of the party in the state he is asked to issue a call for a new convention. That is an original idea.

—John Tibbits, aged fourteen, who recently murdered Washington and Ferbach, near Red Eye, Minn., incited by novel reading to win notoriety, was taken from jail on Thursday night by twenty men and hanged to the top rung of a ladder placed against a telegraph pole.

—Mrs. Guadalupe Flores was assassinated in the street at Los Galos, New Mexico. Her former husband, John Warsly, recently released from the penitentiary, is supposed murdered her in revenge for her having obtained a divorce and remarried during his incarceration.

—The people of Oregon ought to get up a jubilee. Six hundred Chinese en route from Hong Kong to Portland were shipwrecked at Yebo. The delay will not enable them to reach this country before the anti-Chinese bill goes into effect, so they will be sent back whence they came.

—A dispatch from London says: Walter M. Bodkin, a Galway landlord, was shot dead Thursday, while returning from Gort, Ireland. His soldier escort was also killed. Bourke was riding in front of his escort when a volley from rifles was fired from behind a wall and both fell dead.

—Amsley passed himself off as a bachelor at Fairfield, and was a favorite with the girls until they learned that he had a wife in another Iowa village. Then they formed a procession, with brooms for a band, and serenaded him to the railroad station, where he was glad to take a train without further punishment.

—A sad sight was witnessed at Washington, Pa., Monday afternoon. Little Jackie Baldwin, an eight-year-old child, was picked up in an alley dead drunk. He had been lying exposed to a dashing rain, and when carried to a house near by, it was thought he could not recover. He is getting all right again.

—The San Francisco *Post* says that in a yard at the southwest corner of I and Sixth streets, Sacramento, is a lily, the flower of which is a foot and a half in length and of a deep purple color—almost black, while the pistil is coal black. The flower attracts much attention. It appears to be a floral accident.

—Twenty persons were killed and the English, Greek and Italian Consuls were wounded during a riot in Alexandria on Sunday last. Two hundred marines were to be landed from a British man-of-war on Sunday night to protect the British inhabitants. The full particulars of the riot have not yet been obtained.

—Two sons of Eli Charlebois, aged 4 and 14 years, were drowned in the river at Clayton, N. Y., on Thursday, while after a pail of water. It is supposed that the younger brother fell into the water and the elder endeavored to save him, as his coat and vest were found on the river bank. Both bodies have been recovered.

—A. J. Cassatt, First Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, will resign early in October next. He has wisely concluded not to wait until he is completely broken down by the arduous labors of his position, as was the case with Messrs. Thomson and Scott and so many public men. He will sail for Europe in the fall.

—In an attempt by a deputy sheriff to arrest the proprietor of the Grand Circus Royal for exhibiting at Southwest City, Mo., without a license, a performer named McBride was shot three times and killed; one Seaborn was shot badly in the breast, and David Robin, an assistant deputy, was shot in the knee. All the circus men were arrested.

—In Davenport, Iowa, the magazine of the Oriental powder company was struck by lightning and exploded with terrific force, hurling stones in every direction, one weighing eighty pounds a quarter of a mile. One was thrown into a house, striking a bed in which two children slept. Windows were broken a mile away. The report and jar were noticed a mile off.

—Flora Tomlinson, aged 5 years, living at No. 829 North Second street, Philadelphia, died on Sunday from worriment, caused by her mother's absence. The latter went to the country to work some time ago and the little girl was left with the grandmother. The child had never before been separated from her mother, and pined away until Saturday night, when she expired quietly.

—Mrs. Maggie Langren, of Chicago, fell from the third-story window to the sidewalk, a distance of forty feet, on Sunday afternoon, striking on her head and shoulders. She died on the way to the hospital. From the fact that her husband and brother had a quarrel in the room a few minutes before, and she was heard to say she "would rather be in hell than there," the supposition is it was a case of suicide.

—Lena Sherman was a reputable girl of Iowa, but her lover proved to be a horse thief and was sent to the penitentiary. His counsel thought that a new trial might be obtained by appealing, but there was no money to meet the expense. So Lena stole a horse in a neighboring county, sold it, and devoted the money to the appeal. The convict gained his liberty but the girl went to prison. Gov. Sherman has just pardoned her.

—While a farmer named Laberge was crossing the bridge at Montmorency Falls with his married daughter, in a wagon, on Saturday night, the horse became unmanageable, and threw the wagon against the side of the bridge. The rail broke, throwing Laberge out upon the bridge and pitching his daughter with the horse and wagon into the torrent 300 feet below. The unfortunate woman leaves seven children. Her body, which was swept over the falls, has not been recovered.

—The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* tells of a strange incident which occurred a few days ago near Copenhagen, Ala., a small town below Chattanooga. While a small colored boy was at work in a corn field, a large eagle was seen to swoop down suddenly and land on the boy's back. It thrust its sharp tallons into his neck and back and made a strenuous effort to carry him off. The little fellow's screams attracted the neighbors and when they approached the bird flew away.

—Egidius Hoch, a young man, in company with his wife, while in St. Mary's church, Buffalo, on Sunday morning, became uneasy and started to go home. His wife, supposing him faint, took him in her arms, when he drew a razor, cut his own throat, and, staggering a few steps, fell dead in the aisle. High Mass was stopped and there was great excitement. On Decoration day Hoch drove a wagon over a woman accidentally; he was nervous over fear of arrest ever since, and it is supposed he grew insane.

—Walter M. Bourke, the landlord recently shot in Ireland, was well known and generally hated for his ferocity towards tenants by evictions. It is alleged he had been in India, where he had seen English collectors scatter the natives with a whip and supposed he could deal with the Irish in the same manner. His mistake cost him his life. Mr. Dillon declares the league will not denounce murder till Mr. Gladstone denounces eviction, and Mr. Gladstone declares that eviction, though morally wrong is legally right. Who wonders at assassination?

—A young man named Lowery, residing in Carbondale, Pa., purchased a ticket for Canada on Thursday. He visited Brown's Hollow on the day following, and while in a tavern there was approached by a butcher named Stebbins, and challenged any man in the crowd to knock him down at one blow. Lowery accepted the challenge, and, when Stebbins had his arms ready, struck him a powerful blow in the chest. Stebbins fell dead upon the floor, the blow having resulted in the rupture of a blood vessel, which made his death instantaneous. Lowery proceeded on his journey toward Canada, and has not yet been arrested.

—Reports from Patrick county, Va., are to the effect that 5,000 persons are starving. The drought last year greatly curtailed the crops in many portions of the county. Hundreds of people are crowding around the settlements imploring aid. A load of corn was received at the court-house a few days ago. Before it could be distributed hundreds of starving women and children crowded around the vehicle imploring to be given a quart or a peck of grain. A courier who arrived at Danville, Na., on Sunday gives a heartrending account of the situation. The house was crowded with men, women and children begging for bread. Three hundred of them had not tasted a morsel of food for two days. The county is very isolated and mountainous. The nearest railway station is 45 miles. In some instances as much as $200 has been offered for a barrel of flour. Several wagons with relief have been pushed out from Danville to travel all night in the hope of saving the lives of some.

ROSE COLD AND HAY FEVER.

Being seriously troubled with Hay Fever and Rose Cold I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and was surprised in obtaining almost immediate relief. I gladly recommend it to all similarly afflicted. W. P. ANDRUS, Druggist, Metuchen, N. J.

HAVING been afflicted with Hay Fever for years I gave Ely's Cream Balm a trial; was much benefitted. I have had no attacks since using it. E. R. RAUCH, Editor Carbon Co. Journal, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

FOR years I have been afflicted with Hay Fever, from early in August until frost. I was induced to give Ely's Cream Balm a trial. The relief was immediate. I regard myself cured. G. SCHREIBER, Supt. of Cordage Co., Elizabeth, N. J. Price 50 cents.

Apply into nostrils with little finger.

A CARBONDALE (Pa.) telegram of June 10th says that a man named Harkness has been engaged for several weeks in peeling bark on Moosic Mountains and removing the logs to a mountain skidway near Herrick Centre, where they are rolled into the river 250 feet below. On Friday, while Harkness was at the skidway, attempting to move a large log with his cant hook, the hook slipped, throwing Harkness down the embankment, the log following after. As Harkness shot down the mountain side he gathered himself together, and made a fearful leap into the river. He happened to strike a clear place between the logs, and thus escaped a terrible death. He was rescued by the workmen a few feet from the large log which rolled into the river just behind him. Harkness held on to his canthook all the time, and was taken out of the river with it still in his grasp.

DUTY TO OTHERS.

CHAMBERSBURG, July 25, 1875.

This is to let the people know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy four years of age. My health has been very bad for some years past. I was troubled with weakness, bad cough, dyspepsia, great debility and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could hardly eat anything. I heard of Hop Bitters, and was resolved to try them. I have only used three bottles, and I feel wonderfully good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and cough all gone. I feel so well that I think it my duty to let the people know, as so many knew how bad I was, what the medicine has done for me, so they can cure themselves with it.—ANNA M. KRIDER, wife of Tobias Krider.

An acephalic child (without a head) was born in Huntingdon a few days ago, and is causing considerable comment among the medical fraternity. The parents are strong and well developed, possessing ordinary intelligence, and are not related by any ties other than marriage. Both parents and physician are at a loss to account for the curiosity, or, more properly, monstrosity, and the fact that the mother has given birth to three creatures similarly deformed within a space of ten years causes greater surprise. The case will be reported to the different medical journals.

DELICATE FEMALES.

The exactness of society, added to the cares of maternity and the household, have tested beyond endurance the frail constitutions which have been granted the majority of women. To combat this tendency to premature decline, no remedy in the world possesses the nourishing and strengthening properties of MALT BITTERS. They enrich the blood, perfect digestion, stimulate the liver and kidneys, arrest ulcerative weaknesses, and purify and vitalize every function of the female system.

A NEGRO woman named Belle Lipscombe, of Lynchburg, Va., finding that her child had the small-pox, threw it in a well in the city suburbs several days since, and escaped to the woods three miles from Lynchburg. The dead body of the child was found on Thursday, and the authorities of Campbell county captured the mother on Saturday night. She had contracted small-pox from the child. If she survives she will be taken to Lynchburg and tried for murder.

BED-RIDDEN AND CURED.

W. E. HUESTIS, of Emporia, Kansas, says that his wife had been sick nearly seven years, and for the last four months bed-ridden. She has been treated by a number of physicians and only grew worse. Her attention was called to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," which she commenced using. In one week she could sit up, and in three weeks could walk about. By druggists.

ABOUT two weeks ago Texas was struck by a hail storm, in which the hail was as big as hens' eggs, and a man was killed, and last week it had a second storm in which the hailstones were as big as a man's fist, and not only killed another man, but wrecked several houses. If hail continues to grow at this pace in Texas, by midsummer it will be like the boulders which in Rip Van Winkle's day the denizens of the Catskills threw about in thunder storms.

WHY WOMEN USE IT.

Because they have learned by experience that it overcomes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and other troubles of the sex is why women everywhere use Parker's Ginger Tonic.—*Home Journal*.

$10,000 IN PREMIUMS absolutely No Chromos! No Humbug! NO CHEAP JEWELRY! GIVEN AWAY

SECOND GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS AMONG AGENTS FOR Our Sunny South

On the 26th day of July, 1882, the Second Grand Distribution of Premiums among Agents for Sunny South" will take place, at which time the publishers will distribute among the agents the following list of Premiums:

GRAND PREMIUMS!

One In'd Farm, near Brownwood, Tex., val...	$1,000	One Ladies' Gold Watch, valued at	
One Elegant Rosewood Square Grand Piano, val.	500	One Cash Premium of $50 in Gold	
One Elegant Parlor Organ, valued at	200	One First-Class Sewing Machine, valued at	
One Cash Premium of $100 in Gold		One Gentleman's Coin Silver Watch, valued at	
One Farm Wagon, valued at	80	One Cash Premium of $30 in Gold	

The remaining Premiums consist of Clocks, Watches, Household Articles, Novelties, Books, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, &c. Everything warranted first-class and satisfactory. We positively agree not to send out any chromos (so called), or cheap jewelry. This country is already flooded with trash of that character.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE PREMIUMS

These Premiums are given for (not to) subscribers. We are not in the market buying and selling cheap goods at a dear price by throwing in a paper. The Premiums are given to those who obtain subscribers for our paper. Anyone can act as Agent. Our Sunny South is a forty-column month

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - JUNE 16, 1882.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

IMPORTANT TO BUSINESS MEN.

Having secured the sole right to use what is known as the Fluke Economizing Tablet in this county, we propose to furnish one of the very useful articles free of charge to any person who will send or bring us an order for the printing of five hundred letter-heads, note-heads, bill-heads, statements, or any other work of that description, all of which we are fully prepared to do in the best manner and at the very lowest cash prices. Now is the time to send or bring in your orders.

ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS INDEBTED TO US.

Persons owing us for one or more years do well to pay up on or before the first day of July next, and in order to induce them, if possible, to do so, we propose until that date to accept $1.50 per year from all residing in the county and $1.70 from those outside of it. A like reduction will be made in all amounts due us for advertising, job work, etc., after the time indicated, however—no discount will be allowed, nor will any time for coaxing be done, as we have fully decided to collect what can be collected from all who owe us for two years or more. Look out for squalls if you don't take advantage of the fair weather.

Here, There and the Other Place.

Best flour in town at Oatman's.

Moe's kip boots $2.50, at Oatman's.

For the nicest straw hats go to Oatman's.

Seems as if this spring would never run out.

Very pretty dress ginghams, at Oatman's.

Salt expressly for butter making, at Oatman's.

A right good horse brush at Oatman's for 25 cents.

A new lot of road scoops just received at Huntley's.

Silk handkerchiefs, ties and bows of all kinds at Oatman's.

Oatman's is where they go for hammocks, large or small.

An Logant pair of delegates to the State convention—Linton and Lilly.

Some of the ice cream they get away with in Altoona is made in York county.

Ed. Davis and W. Riley will each find a letter awaiting him at the postoffice.

Try dealing at Oatman's for a short time, and see if you can't save some money.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

Men's and boys' fine buttoned shoes cheaper at Oatman's than elsewhere in town.

A letter from "Rob Roy" came too late for our present issue. Will appear next week.

Just received at Oatman's, new dress goods, new prints, new ginghams, and new laces.

The Altoona City band is to lead the Workingmen's procession in Pittsburgh to-morrow.

Just think of it, a good, full polished corset, corn hoe for only 25 cents, at. G. Huntley's.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is daily working wonderful cures in female diseases.

Strawberries are ripe. They retail in market at the moderate rate of fifteen cents a quart.

If the corn-ucopia is not filled to overflowing this year it will not be the fault of the present weather.

I have got the best and largest assortment of cultivators and shovel plows in the country. Prices low. G. HUNTLEY.

Call and leave your orders early in the season for reapers and mowers; also for rakes, at G. Huntley's.

The large drag hand Hay Rake is the most useful article in the hay field. Price $3. For sale by G. Huntley.

Sleepless nights made miserable by that hacking cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. At James' drug store.

I have the best assortment of queensware and glass ware in town, which I am selling at bottom prices. G. HUNTLEY.

Two of the triplets recently born to Mrs. James Burns, of Conemaugh borough, have died within the past few days.

Will you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. At James' drug store.

The best butter salt in the world, and only kind used at all the principal dairies in the country, is the Ashton salt. For sale by G. Huntley's.

When you feel out of sorts, have the blues, melancholy, etc., it must be indigestion that ails you. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure it.

Mrs. M. E. Fagan, who occupies what is known as the Glass property in the West Ward, is prepared to furnish good boarding at reasonable rates.

Mr. Andrew Easly, cousin of Judge Geo. Easly, of Johnstown, died at his home in Dale, on Monday last, aged about seventy-two years. May he rest in peace.

I have the best assortment of grain and grass scythes, scythe snaths, grain cradles, forks, rakes, etc., in Ebensburg and at prices lower than the lowest. G. HUNTLEY.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. At James' drug store, Ebensburg.

Two rival nines are being gotten up to play an exhibition game of base ball here on the 4th. A fantastic parade is also among the probabilities of the occasion.

Mr. Benj. J. Williams, of this place, succeeded in hauling out a black bass at Shindle's dam on Friday last which measured 22 inches and weighed two pounds.

Piso's Cure Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound is pleasant to the taste and most reliable remedy for coughs and colds. Give it a trial. Price, 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Miss Elizabeth Francis, grand-daughter of Mr. Humphrey Francis, of Cambria township, died of consumption at an early hour last Sunday morning, aged about 27 years.

Rev. David Williams, of Lewisburg, will preach in the Bethel church, Blacklick township, on Sunday next at 10 o'clock, A. M., and in the Baptist church, Ebensburg, at 3 P. M. the same day.

A Huntingdon county ewe has raised triplets this spring. The lambs are now three months old, and during that time have had no food except what was supplied to her in the ewe-sual way.

We like to go out with the editors bold, for in their annual "excursh" they invite us, but when you get back and find so much to be told about what you have seen, it becomes then has the bulge.

Young, middle-aged, or old men, sufferers from nervous debility or kindred affections should address, with two stamps, for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our friend and patron Geo. A. Coons, of Carrolltown, was made the happy father a few days ago of twin daughters, both of whom, as well as the mother, are doing well. Long may several lives to the little Coons.

The annual commencement at St. Francis College, Loretto, will take place on Sunday, June 25th, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M., and will be followed in the afternoon by similar ceremonies at St. Aloysius' Academy for young ladies.

The elegant fountain which is the pride and delight of James' new drug store is once more in its might sending forth nectar which is very near it not quite fit for the gods, but to mortals—well, just try it and see if it is just about right.

—Wood, Morrell & Co.'s store in Franks-town, Blair county, was entered on last Thursday night by a party of burglars, who blew open the safe with powder and secured sixty-five dollars in cashand postage stamps.

—Albert Kesner, aged about 20 years, shot himself through the head in Cambria boro', and evidently died instantly, altho' his body was not found until next day. "Tired of life" was the purport of the note left behind.

—A convention of delegates from all the Catholic temperance societies in the State is to be held in Johnstown the latter part of this month. It promises to be a very interesting occasion, and no doubt will be well attended.

—A pure, wholesome distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold, clover blossoms, etc., fragrant with the healing essences of balsam and pine. Such is Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. Complete treatment for $1.

—Two dead black bass were found floating in Shenkle's dam last week. One was seventeen and the other ten inches in length. The cause of their death is unknown, though it is possible some heartless boys threw poison in the pool.

—Parents who allow their children to grow up with scrofulous humors bursting from every pore are guilty of a great wrong. Think of them pointed out as branded with a loathsome disease, and you will readily procure them the Cuticura Remedies.

—Rev. Robert McCaslin, of Mercer county, has accepted the call tendered him some time ago by the Presbyterian congregation in this place, and will take up his residence here with his family and assume pastoral duties about the first of next month.

—A two hundred dollar horse owned by Mr. Joseph Van Orner, of Reade township, died in this place on Friday last, and a few days later Messrs. John C. Gates and F. A. Shoemaker made good the loss by presenting his wife with one little if any less valuable.

—If you are going to paint you should buy John Lucas & Co.'s ready-mixed paints, warranted strictly pure, and also lead and linseed oil, of which no better can be made. For sale by G. Huntley at the same prices at which inferior paints, lead and oil are sold at other stores.

—Mr. Samuel O'Harra, of Munster township, was bitten on the left leg and left hand a few days ago by a ferocious dog in Summerhill township, and if the animal still lives he is enjoying an immunity that he don't deserve. Mr. O'Harra's hand was pretty badly lacerated.

—The Mountain House at Cresson will open for the season on Thursday of next week. It has a capacity to accommodate fifteen hundred guests, but we suspect the weather will have to warm up considerably before that number of folks seek solace in its salubrious shades.

—The Clearfield *Citizen* says: Dr. J. S. McKenzie, the noted New York oculist, who has been at the Leonard House the past three weeks, leaves here to-morrow for Bellefonte. The Dr. has treated a great many cases since he came to town, and we believe with entire success.

—It is an undeniable fact that one great cause of so many new diseases spreading over the country among horses and cattle is owing to so much trash, dirt and filth being raked up in the hay, which can be avoided by using the wood tooth revolving horse rake. Price only $7. For sale at G. Huntley's.

—"Rock me to sleep, mother," is a feat that could never be accomplished with the aid of a "Boss" cradle, but when it comes to "going against the grain," it is always there and does its work thoroughly, easily and satisfactorily. Read all about it in the big advertisement elsewhere in our columns.

—Our former townsman Thos. J. Condon, who, by the way, always pays for the FREEMAN in advance, is about to embark in the grocery and boarding-house business at Bolivar, Westmoreland county, whither he removed from this place a few months ago. We wish him abundant success in his new venture.

—The house and drug store of Dr. Wm. Lemon, High street, has been newly touched up with paint till it looks like a June rose with the petals tinged to a delicate fringe of leaden pellets. Ditto the store-room of Mr. M. L. Oatman, which is now as neat in its white coat outside as it is full of nice goods and cheap inside.

—The combined testimony of all who had occasion to be within the main room of the new Court House this week, as last week, is that its acoustic properties are painfully deficient. The term of Davy Davis as Vice President will soon expire, and it might not be a bad idea to engage him and set him up somewhere as a sounding-board.

—Aleck Fresh, after an incarceration of six months in the county jail for raising a ruction with his family and family connections at Summerhill, was released from confinement a couple of days ago. He took the train for home forthwith. Aleck is a pretty good sort of boy, and we trust that from this henceforward he will be better.

—The Lewistown *Gazette* says: Dr. J. S. McKenzie, who has furnished a number of our citizens with Scotch quartz spectacle glasses, a very excellent article, and generally given satisfactory evidence of his skill in oculism, intends to make Newport his resort for some weeks. We commend him to those having weak or defective eyes.

—The auditors of one of the townships in Huntingdon county have got into trouble for failing to publish the annual report of the receipts and expenditures of said township, and their experience ought to be a warning to the many township and borough auditors in this county who have trod in the same path from time almost immemorial.

—We learn from the Carrolltown *News* of last week that the venerable mother of our friend and patron, Mr. Joseph Miller, of Barr township, was so badly injured by a ram the Friday previous that she died the same day. The deceased was aged about eighty years and came to this country from Germany only about two months ago. Rest to her soul.

—Mr. Martin L. Keck was connected with the Foster House of this place in a clerical capacity for about eighteen months. To the regret of all who knew him, he severed his connection with said hotel a few days ago and departed for pastures new. We console ourselves and others with the promise made by him that he would come back to see us and possibly to stay in October next.

—Mr. J. M. Fenlon, eldest son of Hon John Fenlon, of this place, and a former member of the FREEMAN force, looked in on his relatives and friends hereaway on Saturday last and remained until Monday afternoon. This was Jack's first visit home since he accepted a position in the P. R. R. car record office, Philadelphia, a twelve month ago, and we are glad to know that he is well and apparently doing well.

—The Altoona *Sunday Morning* gravely informs its readers that the old court house in this place is to be converted into an arsenal by Co. A, while the Huntingdon *Local News* is just as certain that said building is to be torn down, but that the old jail is to be transmogrified into an armory. Both wrong, of course, as the buildings in question are to be razed and the material utilized in the erection of an armory and town hall on the opposite side of the street.

—The tower which surmounts the jail here is an acknowledged travesty as to architectural proportions, while its mechanical arrangement, outside and inside, is nothing to boast of. Inside a month a half score skilled workmen were engaged remedying certain defects, and only last Thursday our townsman Mr. Vallie Luttringer stood on one foot and rectified a few holes in the tinwork by the application of the soldering-rod! Vallie came down alive as did the others.

—"We have found the most beneficial results follow the use of Phenol Sodique as an external application in cases of that annoying eruption of the skin known as vegetable poison, generally caused by contact with the Poison Ivy (*Rhus Tox.*)"—*Presbyterian Journal.*

—The remains of Mrs. Maria A. Storm, whose death on the 1st inst. at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Darragh, in Bridgewater, Pa., we noticed in our last issue, were brought to Loretto, this county, and interred in the Catholic cemetery, as she herself requested. The deceased lady drew a pension from the government, her late husband, Dr. David Y. Storm, having been a soldier in the war of 1812. May her soul rest in peace.

—A young man named John Boyles was found dead at his boarding house in Logantown (Altoona), on last Wednesday morning, with two knife wounds in the region of the heart, and as he and a room-mate named Wm. Vanzandt had quarreled the night previous, the latter has been arrested on the charge of murder, Boyles having accused him at the time of the trouble with doing the cutting. Both men were intoxicated.

—The way to make both ends meat is to get the butcher to cut out all the bones, and the way to save money and get something worth wearing or having is to buy a stylish hat, a pair of shoes, or anything else you may need in the way of gents' furnishing goods, choice groceries, notions, etc., from C. P. Roberts, who keeps the very best goods in his line and sells them at the lowest prices. Go ye and see if this ain't as true as can be.

—Mr. Daniel Downey, a well known citizen of Chest Springs, was stricken with apoplexy, or something of that character, on Friday last, while engaged in unloading a lot of shingles from his wagon at Kaylor's station, and so severe was the stroke that he died a few minutes after being taken home by Mr. Henry Mellon and a gentleman named Storm, who had accompanied him from Chest Springs. Deceased was aged upward of sixty years and leaves a wife and family.

—A despatch was received here on Wednesday last from Bloomington, Ill., stating that on the evening of the previous day, Frank Evans, the twelve-year-old son of Mr. Morris Evans, who was born and raised in this vicinity, and resided here for many years, but who went to Illinois several years ago, was killed by a stroke of lightning. On the same day on which he met his sudden death Mattie, daughter of Mr. C. T. Roberts, of this place, and Miss Evans, also of this place, started on a visit to the boy's parents at Bloomington, of whom they are relatives.

—Did you see a girl rushing frantically up or down Main street or criss-cross this week? Some with buckets in their hands, and others with mops? And all with an eager look of too much eagerness on their respective countenances? They weren't going to a fire, nor did they belong to the celebrated "Broom Brigade" of Louisville out on a parade. On the contrary, they were scrubbing out the Presbyterian church preparatory to laying down on the floor the nicest lot of three-ply ingrain carpeting ever seen in this latitude.

—The croaking of the frog, the wallow of the hog, the yelping of the dog, the rising of the fog, and even the lazy, shuffling jog of the seeker after grog reminds us that welcome spring is once more in the ring, though they don't seem to have any hearing on the fact that John Owens keeps a nice stock of dry goods, groceries, hats, caps, boots, shoes, confections, notions, cigars, tobacco, etc., and gives everybody who deals with him full value for every cent they invest at his store.

—Dr. S. C. Baker, one of the most prominent Republicans and wealthiest iron masters in Blair county, has tendered his resignation as a member of the Republican county committee and avowed his intention to support Stewart, the Independent Republican candidate for Governor, in preference to Beaver. "Patty cake, patty cake," Baker's a man who with thousands of others have adopted this plan to forever dispose of the Cameron clan, and do it they will, as surely they can.

—A young colored man known as "Skinny" Patterson, who is older in time than he is in years, and a lad of the same hue, named Thompson, who claims to be seventeen years old, but don't look to be more than twelve, were brought here from Johnstown on Tuesday last and committed to jail, the former to serve a sentence imposed upon him by a Justice of the Peace for stealing lumber, and the latter to await trial at the September term of Court for being concurred with four other boys, all of whom obtained ball, in stealing railroad tickets from Conductor Quartz's train to the value of about fifty dollars.

—The New York Clothing Hall, 210 Main street, Johnstown, promises more in the way of first-class wearing apparel at prices unprecedented for cheapness by other first-class clothing house in this section of the State that we have yet heard from. So great, indeed, are the inducements offered that it is simply impossible to excel them, and those of our patrons who still need a new suit for warm weather wear will never get a better chance to save money and secure a launch and stylish outfits than is open to them by way of this big bargain bazaar. One price and no deviation is the rule and best goods and bottom prices the guarantee given to all buyers.

—J. C. Murphy, of South Fork advertises his stray wife, Rebecca, who, he alleges, has left his bed and board because, as the Johnstown *Tribune* says, she had a hankering after a South Fork coal miner named Wilson. The latter made an appointment to meet the erring woman in a certain time and place, and when she left home on last Thursday evening to keep the appointment her husband, who had intercepted Wilson's letter and afterwards left it where his wife could find it, followed in her wake and caught the two together. His Satanic majesty was of course to pay at this particular juncture, and how he was paid may be inferred from the fact that Murphy declares that Wilson is now in the hands of a doctor and won't be so handsome to look at for a long time to come.

A VEXED CLERGYMAN.

Even the patience of Job would become exhausted were he a preacher and endeavoring to interest his audience while they were keeping up an incessant coughing, making it impossible for him to be heard. Yet, how very easy can all this be avoided by simply using Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Trial Bottles given away at James' Drug Store, Ebensburg.

THE NORMAL LITERARY SOCIETY held its third meeting in this place Tuesday evening, which was called to order by the President, J. S. Taylor, at 7:45. First on the program was an essay by Miss Laura Boynon, entitled "Wealth." Referred questions were then answered by Miss Rose Stewart and G. H. Arble. The question, "Resolved that the law restricting Chinese emigration is unjust," was next taken up and discussed by Stewart Kinkead and A. J. Sanker in the affirmative and Geo. B. Strayer and G. H. Arble in the negative. The question was ably handled by the speakers, and it must be said to their credit that each in his turn entertained the large assemblage in a masterly manner. Messrs. Foley and Roland followed for a few minutes in a general debate which came the reading of the "Mountain Beam" by the editor. Wm. J. Cramer, occupying about twenty-five minutes, the house meantime being kept in an almost continuous roar by the sallies of wit and humor therein. It also contained many items highly instructive to the pupils of the Normal Institute. This was the last edition under the management of the present editor, a fact which he very much deplored, not so much on account of the pleasure it afforded him as the fear he entertained that it would get into other than Democratic hands. The reading was followed by some remarks from the critic, Mr. C. A. Riddle, after which the Society proceeded to the election of officers to serve during the ensuing two weeks, the result of the election to be announced on the following day.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.—My daughters say, "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters. He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable, and we are so glad that he used your bitters.—A lady of Rochester, N. Y.

SEVEN CHILDREN IN LESS THAN THREE YEARS.—We noted the fact less than two years ago that Mrs. O. C. Earl, of Homer, Indiana county, a sister of Mrs. J. H. Crouse, of this place, had given birth to twins, a boy and girl, and also that a similar accession had been made to the family circle about eleven months previous to that time. The lady was doing exceedingly well so far as the command to increase and multiply is concerned, and Mrs. Earl had a right to be proud of her achievements, as she no doubt was and is. Higher maternal honors, however, awaited her, and they came on Thursday last in the shape and triplets—two girls and a boy—making in all *seven children born within a period of thirty-four months*, or from August, 1879, to June, 1882. Mrs. Earl is also the the mother of four or five other children, all of whom, however, came in single instalments. The lady in question certainly deserves a pension, and the candidate for Congress in that district who pledges himself to make an effort in that direction ought to have all the votes.

FADED COLORS RESTORED.

Faded or gray hair gradually recovers its youthful color and lustre by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and rich perfume.

THE WORK OF THE COUNTY COMMITTEE.—Pursuant to call, the Democratic Committee of Cambria county met in the old Court House Tuesday afternoon of this week, 13th instant, for the transaction of important business relative to the approaching campaign. Chairman T. H. Heist called the body to order, and in the course of a brief introductory address, said substantially: "I congratulate you, Committeemen, and all good Democrats, on the work we accomplished last Fall. We met the enemy, and they are ours. I have no set speech to make, but will take occasion as we progress in the path of our duty to offer some modifications of and additions to our existing political regulations which I deem advisable. I desire to here say that the suggestion thrown out by the Johnstown *Tribune* that I want the Crawford county system abrogated is without foundation in fact in so far as this meeting is concerned, and all such announcements are to be looked on in the light of gratuitous assumptions."

The list of Committeemen was called, and the following gentlemen answered to their names:

Adams Twp.—James Costlow.
Allegheny Twp.—James J. Kaylor.
Blacklick Twp.—H. R. Longeneeker.
Barr Twp.—H. S. Hepple.
Cambria Twp.—Thos. Hoover, sub.
Cambria Boro., 1st ward—James Griffin, sub.
Carroll Twp.—Jas. J. Thomas.
Carrolltown—J. C. Wergeld.
Chest Twp.—John G. Gill.
Chest Springs—H. Miller.
Clearfield Twp.—James McGough, sub.
Conemaugh Twp.—H. R. Shafer.
Conemaugh Boro., 1st ward—H. Baumer.
Croyle Twp.—Thomas McGough.
Dean Twp.—John Krise.
East Conemaugh—Isaac Craig.
Ebensburg, East ward—Fergus Lloyd.
" West ward—C. M. Blair.
Elder Twp.—Geo. Gray, sub.
Gallitzin Boro.—M. Fitzpatrick.
" Twp.—Thomas Koons.
Johnstown, 2d ward—James Pearis, sub.
" 3d ward—C. J. Meyer.
" 4th ward—Harry G. Rose.
Loretto—F. D. Sapio.
Millville, 2d ward—Patrick Connelly.
Munster Twp.—George McCullough.
Portage Twp.—P. McGough.
Prospect—Hugh McMonigle.
Richland Twp.—C. J. Farrell.
Stonycreek Twp.—Jethro Oldham.
Susquehanna Twp.—Joseph A. Gray.
Summerhill—J. J. Leonard.
Washington Twp.—Stephen Robine.

The first business which was presented was the choosing of two Representative delegates to the State convention. The names of the following gentlemen were put before the Committee, with the understanding that a viva voce vote should be taken, each Committeeman voting for two candidates, and that a majority of all Committeemen present should elect; James Potts, of Johnstown; Isadore Lilly, of Cambria township; James J. Thomas, of Carroll township, who withdrew his own name; F. A. Shoemaker, of Ebensburg, whose name was also withdrawn; John P. Linton, of Johnstown; Caron Leahy, of Washington township, and Wm. H. Rose, of Johnstown.

Two ballots were had, with the following result:

	1st Ballot.	2d Ballot.
Potts	8	(withd'n.)
Lilly	19	24
Linton	15	21
Leahy	15	11
Rose	7	4

The election of Mr. Lilly on the first ballot and of Col. Linton on the second was thereupon made unanimous.

On motion, the delegates were instructed to support James H. Hopkins for Governor, and use all honorable means to secure his nomination by the State convention.

On motion, it was ordered that the Congressman to be nominated shall be empowered to choose his own conferees.

The Senatorial conference was conceded to Blair county, with Wm. H. Sechler, James J. Thomas and Peter McGough as conferees to register this edict.

After considerable discussion, the time of holding the primary election was fixed for Saturday, the 19th day of August. The counting of the vote, under the rules, will occur on the following Monday.

At the suggestion of Chairman Heist, it was ordered that parties acting as officers at primary elections should be paid at the rate of $1.00 per day, and that return judges should be paid actual expenses. The money necessary for these purposes shall be realized by assessments on the several candidates and by voluntary contributions. Chairman Heist being authorized to appoint sub-committees to supervise the work.

After a harmonious session of an hour's duration, the Committee adjourned *sine die*.

WHAT THE COMING FOURTH WILL BRING FORTH.—We asked the question last week whether there would likely be a proper and popular celebration of the "Glorious Fourth" in Ebensburg, and are now prepared to say that no mistake on that score can exist. Leaving out of consideration several parochial gatherings of a social nature which are all right in their way, our local military company have taken the matter in hand and propose giving on the 4th, in Heist's grove, on the westward outskirts of town, one of the biggest picnics of this or any other season. There will be a splendid dinner, dancing, croquet, swinging, base ball and all the various amusements usually looked for by both young and old on such an occasion. In a word, the peculiar enjoyment of everybody will be catered to. Good music will be on hand, but no beer. The company, in full uniform will parade in the early morning, and, heading the procession to the grove, will undertake to see that good order is preserved there. A general invitation to everybody to be present is extended, and lots of fun guaranteed.

The children's picnic in aid of the Church of the Holy Name, this place, which is to be held in the grove west of town on the same day, has assumed a definite shape, a number of ladies and gentlemen connected with the congregation having been appointed by the pastor to see to its welfare. There is no question, therefore, but what it will be made worthy of the cause and of the occasion. There is a debt of a few thousand dollars on the church referred to, and as this is one of the means by which it is hoped to "remove the pressure," we cannot too earnestly commend it to the generous support of everybody. All that pertains to innocent and healthful enjoyment and sumptuous feasting will be liberally provided and should be liberally indulged in.

A two-days' picnic, beginning on the 4th of July, will be held in a grove adjacent to Carrolltown on the coming national anniversary. To those who have once been there it is unnecessary to volunteer the advice to go again, for they will do it anyhow, but to strangers we are free to say that a hunt throughout the length and breadth of the State could discover no better spot wherein to pass a couple of days in rational and way-up amusement.

FIRST OF THE SEASON.—The Catholics of Wilmore and vicinity propose to lead off in the picnic business, so far at least as we have noticed in this county, by indulging in a delightful festivity of that kind in a beautiful grove near Wilmore on Saturday of next week, June 24th, and that it will be a pleasant and well conducted affair no one can doubt who has ever enjoyed a picnic where which came the reading of the "Mountain Beam" by the editor. Wm. J. Cramer, occupying about twenty-five minutes, the house meantime being kept in an almost continuous roar by the sallies of wit and humor therein. It also contained many items highly instructive to the pupils of the Normal Institute. This was the last edition under the management of the present editor, a fact which he very much deplored, not so much on account of the pleasure it afforded him as the fear he entertained that it would get into other than Democratic hands. The reading was followed by some remarks from the critic, Mr. C. A. Riddle, after which the Society proceeded to the election of officers to serve during the ensuing two weeks, the result of the election to be announced on the following day.

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PERMIT NO SUBSTITUTION.

Insist upon having Floreston Cologne. It is greatly superior in permanence and delicacy of fragrance.

DOINGS IN COURT THIS WEEK.—Court met at 10 A. M. Monday last, with a fair representation present.

Amongst other business done, the following may be enumerated: The petition of Rosanna Parkinson, adjudged insane two years ago, and since pronounced sane. The petition, endorsed by Mr. Lilly, Steward of the County Almshouse, certified to the foregoing facts, and an order for her discharge and removal was made.

F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., presented a petition for the incorporation of the Cambria Guards' Hall Association (Co. A, Fifth regiment, N. G. P.), which was ordered to be filed and published.

George Gurley was appointed guardian for Catharine Dunnegan and Ann Dunegan, minor children of Ellen A. Dunegan.

Mr. Barker presented a petition for the appointment of viewers to view a road in Jackson township. Filed.

On motion of M. E. Buckley, Esq., A. J. Andeson, of Altoona, was appointed guardian of Delia, Edward, and Ella Farren, minor children of James Farren, deceased.

In the matter of the decree of divorce of Caroline Singer vs. James M. Singer, J. W. Weakland, Esq., asked that the decree be amended so as to award payment of the costs by the defendant. Order made.

A number of cases were continued or settled, and in the case of John J. Becket vs. the Protection Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cambria County and in that of Francis Schwam vs. Martin Kutruff, a plea of "surprise" was entered and sustained by the Court.

Monday afternoon, after the calling of the list of jurors, when several absentees answered to their names, business was resumed.

William J. Cannon, who was last week indicted by the Grand Jury in three bills for illegal liquor selling, appeared in Court and entered bail in the sum of $1,500 for his appearance at next term. Peter Rubritz became his bondsman.

In the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company against a large number of individuals who claim or occupy parts of the old "main line," purchased by that Company many years ago from the State, Mr. Linton asked for a rule to compel the occupants to file abstracts of their titles. The rule was granted.

Johnstown borough desires to declare the running at large of hogs, etc., a nuisance, and a case in point was presented to Court. It is so profound of law that the issue was held over for the time being.

P. G. Shaffer vs. Silas Goughnour. Summons in trespass on the case in assumpsit. Verdict for plaintiff in the sum of $293.54.

Jacob Trefts vs. Mrs. James Benford:—Appeal. The jury find for the plaintiff the sum of $100.58.

Stephen Conrad vs. Eben Nutter, et al.—Summons in assumpsit. Case discontinued.

Francesca Glasser, widow of Geo. Glasser, vs. Francis Glasser and Jacob Yost; appeal. The jury found for the plaintiff in the sum of five dollars.

A. T. Pindle vs. Geo. W. Empfield and other members of the election board of Blacklick township. This was a case brought to test the right of the defendant to vote in said township, a privilege which was refused him at last fall's election, and occupied the attention of the Court during the greater part of Wednesday. Jury retired at 10 o'clock, P. M., and at 12.15 Thursday morning returned with a verdict in favor of defendants.

SENTENCES.

Previous to the final adjournment of Court on Wednesday night the several prisoners convicted in Quarter Sessions last week were brought from jail and sentenced as follows:

Casper Zink—larceny; $20 fine and one year in the penitentiary.

John M. Miller—pocket-picking and sneak thieving; fine and sentence as above.

Geo. Binderwalt—malicious mischief; sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution.

Karl Meyer—burglary at the Benedictine convent, Carrolltown; $100 fine and three years in the penitentiary.

David Finigan—assault and battery and attempt to commit a rape on Mrs. Arthur, of Conemaugh borough; $100 fine and five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

John Logan, George Logan, Albert Bailey and Michael Lafferty—breaking open P. R. R. cars; each $10 fine and thirty days in jail.

John Riley—larceny; $20 fine and six months in the county jail.

David Hughes and Wm. Beslet—assaulting an officer; $10 fine, costs of prosecution, and imprisonment for six months in the county jail.

The sentence of Philip Paul, convicted of assault and battery and carrying concealed weapons, was suspended until Argument Court.

A GRACEFUL AND COMMENDABLE APOLOGY.—As explanatory of the subjoined letter addressed to Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburg, by certain Catholic residents of Lilly's Station, Washington township, this county, it is only necessary to state that a disagreement extending through several months had existed between the Bishop and the Catholics at Lilly's in regard to the erection of a church at that place. The church was built, but is yet in an unfinished condition. The gentlemen who sign the letter, all of whom are well known and highly respectable citizens of Lilly's, on mature reflection came to the conclusion that they had acted with undue haste in erecting the church without the approbation of the Bishop, and they addressed him this letter regretting the action they had taken in "apparent opposition to Episcopal authority," as they themselves express it.—The letter is highly creditable to its signers, and illustrates once more the truth of the old adage, "All's well that ends well." The letter is as follows:

To the Right Rev. John Tuigg, Bishop of Pittsburgh and Administrator of Allegheny:

RIGHT REV. SIR—We, the undersigned Catholics at and near Lilly's Station, Cambria county, Pa., do regret exceedingly the action we have taken in attempting to build a church edifice here without your consent and approbation. We therefore apologize to you our disobedience, and pledge to you our submission in this and all other Catholic matters for the future. We wish also to apologize to those here and elsewhere, whether Catholic or not, who may have been dissatisfied by our apparent opposition to Episcopal authority.

Given at Lilly's Station, Cambria county, Pa., this 29th day of May, 1882.

CANON LEAHEY,
JOHN KELLY,
WILLIAM RYAN,
CHRISTOPHER RONINE,
WILLIAM BROWN, JR.,
WILLIAM MCGOUGH.

DR. J. S. MCKENZIE, Oculist and Optician, graduate of the College of Ophthalmology, Edinburg University, will be at the Cambria House from Tuesday next, June 20, to July 1st, where he may be consulted by those who are suffering with any disease of the eye.—In the treatment of functional disease where glasses are indicated, Dr. McKenzie cuts, grinds and adjusts the glasses specially for each person, thus insuring the most accurate vision, naturalness, ease and comfort to the wearer. These glasses are made from pure quartz, very white, clear and transparent, and will not scratch nor defface easily like glass. They are free from all imperfections, sand specks, cracks, flaws, waves, etc., and will last three or four times as long as ordinary glasses. All examinations made with the Ophthalmoscope and other scientific appliances.

Ladies will be attended at their own residences by leaving their address at the hotel office.

Office hours from 7 to 9 A. M., 12 to 2 and 6 to 8 P. M.

STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The Pennsylvania State Teacher's Association will hold its annual session for 1882, at Pottsville, Pa., July 5th, 6th and 7th. The railroad companies will sell excursion tickets at reduced rates to all persons presenting orders, from July 1st to 6th inclusive, good to return until July 12th inclusive. Those wishing excursion orders will please apply (stamp enclosed) giving names of stations, etc., not later than June 30th, 1882, to J. Fletcher Sickel, Germantown, Pa. The exercises will consist of papers and discussions on Primary Work, Normal Work and Higher Education. On the evening of the 6th, a novel feature will be the "Exhibition and Class Exercises," by a class of Indian pupils from the school at Carlisle.

TEXAS THE EMPIRE STATE.—During last year there were 1800 miles of railroad built in Texas; Texas has the largest school fund of any state in the Union; Texas is the leading wool producing state; in fact the inducements this state offers to those seeking new homes are almost innumerable. Our Sunny South, published at Brownwood, Texas, makes a specialty of furnishing reliable information in regard to that state. Read their advertisement, in another column of this paper, and see the numerous and valuable premiums they offer to agents. They are reliable. In writing to them don't forget to mention this paper.

General Debility and Liver Complaint.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife has been taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pellets" for her liver and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and would recommend them to all sufferers from Liver Complaint, Sour Stomach, and General Debility. Yours fraternally,

N. E. HARMON,
Pastor M. E. Church, Elsah, Ill.

CHIEFTAIN HAY RAKE.—I have again this season the celebrated Chieftain Sulky Horse Rake. This is the simplest made and easiest managed hay rake in the market. Buy no other until you see this one. Price only $27, cash. G. HUNTLEY.

THE editor who wills to please
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,
And kiss the hand that beats him;
Or, if he dare attempt to walk
Must toe the mark that others chalk,
And cringe to all that meet him.

But there is no crawling on knees, nor kissing of hand, nor toeing of mark nor cringing, in our saying that Sol. Rosenthal, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, sells the best boots and shoes for both ladies and gentlemen to be found in all there parts. He buys his stock by the wholesale, and paying attention to his purchases in person he presents to customers only the best make to be found in the Eastern markets. By this double process he is able to sell a better boot or shoe for less money than all other dealers. Hundreds of our readers will bear witness to this statement.—All orders by mail carefully and promptly filled.

THE days of beauty smile again,
The sun his fierce musters,
And shortly we with might and main
Will climb into our dusters.

The gauge of the weather above given is correct in all details, and the only question remaining is—Where shall we procure the dusters spoken of? We can give the answer in few words: At Jas. J. Murphy's, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, where not only dusters of the most approved styles may be procured, but also ready-made clothing, such as coats, vests and pantaloons of summer texture and make to suit either those who go in the sun or sit in the shade. He sells only the very best goods, and sells cheaper than any other dealer in Cambria county. Give him a trial, and you will not regret it.

WALNUT LEAF HAIR RESTORER.

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead, and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, and C. N. CHRISTENTON, New York. [6-2-4y.]

HYMENEAL.

HAYES—BRODERICK.—Married, on Tuesday, June 13, 1882, at St. John's church, Johnstown, by Rev. O. P. Gallagher, Mr. Edw'd Hayes and Miss Margaret Broderick, both of Millville.

EWANS—CHALMERS.—Married, on Thursday, May 25, 1882, at St. Lawrence hotel, St. Lawrence, by Charles Rhady, Esq., Mr. James Ewans, of Coalport, Clearfield county, and Miss Jessie Chalmers, recently from Scotland.

OBITUARY.

DEITRICK.—Died, in Summitville borough, on T

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY AT

Hasson's New Cheap Store!

EBENSBURG, PA.,

IF YOU WANT ANY OF THE

Honest Goods at Honest Prices

EMBRACED IN THE FO OWING LIST:

ALUM,	DRIED APPLES,	NEEDLES,
ALLSPICE,	" CORN,	NUTS,
AXLE GREASE,	" PEACHES,	OILS,
BAKING POWDER,	DRESS LININGS,	ORANGES,
" SODA,	EXTRACTS and	PENS,
BEANS,	ESSENCES,	PENHOLDERS,
BLACKING,	FIGS,	PEPPER,
" BRUSHES,	FISH,	PINS,
BLUEING,	" HOOKS,	PIPES,
BORAX,	" LINES,	PRUNES,
BRAID,	FLOUR,	RAISINS,
BR'KFAST BACON,	FRUITS,	RICE,
BROOMS,	GINGER,	ROPE HALTERS,
BUTTONS,	GINGHAMS,	SALT,
CALICOES,	GUN CAPS,	SARDINES,
CAMPHOR,	" POWDER,	SCISSORS,
CASTOR OIL,	HAIR PINS,	SCRUB BRUSHES,
CARBON OIL,	HAMS,	SEW'G MACH'E OIL,
CARPET TACKS,	HANDKERCHIEFS,	SHIRTINGS,
CANNED APPLES,	HOMINY,	SHOE LACERS,
" CORN,	HOOKS and EYES,	SHOT,
" PEACHES,	HOSE,	SILK TWIST,
" PEARS,	INDIGO,	" THREAD,
" TOMATOES,	INK,	SOAPS,
CHEESE,	JELLIES (all kind),	SPICES,
CHEVIOTS,	LAMP CHIMNEYS,	STARCH,
CHOCOLATE,	" WICKS,	STOCKINGS,
CIGARS,	" BURNERS,	STOVE POLISH,
CINNAMON,	LAUDANUM,	SUGARS,
CLOVES,	LEAD PENCILS,	SUSPENDERS,
CLOTHES PINS,	LEMONS,	SWEET OIL,
COFFEES,	LINEN CRASH,	TEAS,
CORN STARCH,	MACARONI,	THREAD,
CORSET JEANS,	MATCHES,	TUBS,
COMBS,	MOLASSES,	WASHBOARDS,
CRACKERS,	MUSLINS,	WASHING SODA,
CREAM TARTER,	MUSTARD,	WOODEN BUCKETS,
CURRANTS,	NAILS,	YEAST POWDER,

AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

NO OLD GOODS OF ANY KIND!

ALL FRESH!---ALL FINE!---ALL CHOICE!---ALL CHEAP!

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FERTILIZERS,

MILBURN AND WEBSTER FARM and LUMBER WAGONS,

SPRING WAGONS,

CARRIAGES, TOP AND NO TOP BUGGIES;

WALTER A. WOOD'S

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HORSE HAY RAKES,

Includng the following varities: TIGER, REINDEER, HOLLINGSWORTH and VICTOR;

HAY FORKS, LAWRENCE & CHAPIN'S DIAMOND IRON PLOWS,

And Spring Tooth Harrows;

HAGERSTOWN IMPROVED AND TRIUMPH GRAIN DRILLS,

Or any other machinery farmers may need, from a Steam Thresher to a Shovel Plow, all from first class manufactories and warranted to be exactly as represented.

L. & S. W. DAVIS.

EBENSBURG, MAY 12, 1882.--tf.

$12,000 WORTH

OF THE CELEBRATED

ROCHESTER CLOTHING!

WHICH DEFIES COMPETITION IN

QUALITY, MAKE AND PRICE,

HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED AT THE

Golden Eagle Clothing House,

1301 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

ALSO, A LARGE AND ELEGANT STOCK OF

HATS, CAPS, and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

SAMUEL MARCH, Proprietor.

ALTOONA, PA., APRIL 21, 1882.-tf.

C. T. ROBERTS,

DEALER IN

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES,

Notions, Medicines, Wall Paper, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.

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RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRICES. FAIR DEALING.

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OF EVERY KIND CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Seines, Nets, Knives, Razors, Skates, Hammocks, etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogue FREE.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

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WANTED! Ladies and Gentlemen, to engage with us to sell several Useful Household Articles. Profits large. Labor is light. Exclusive territory given. No competition. Terms liberal. Circulars FREE. Address, Hewitt Manufact'g Co., Box 868, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A NEW CURE FOR

POTATO BUGS

AND ALL TROUBLESOME VERMIN.

Safe, sure, cleanly and cheap. Sample Package, Post-Paid, 30 cts. AGENTS WANTED. Address, J. H. Johnston, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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☞ Office on Centre street, opposite the Court House. [8-12 '82.-tf.]

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PROPRIETORS:
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No Family Should be Without It!
No Factory Should be Without It!
No Workshop Should be Without It!
No Hospital Should be Without It!
No Physician Should be Without It!
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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEALERS.

TO LADIES ONLY!

We will send 1 Beautiful Silver-plated Butter Knife, 1 Beautiful Silver-plated Sugar Shell; 1 Book, "Language of the Flowers;" 56 pieces full size Vocal Music, with Piano accompaniment, retail from 25 to 50 cents each at stores; and a beautiful Illustrated Magazine, three months, post-paid if 16 three-cent stamps are sent to pay postage and packing expenses. Address R. C. RIDDOUT & CO., Publishers, 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

LADIES of the WHITE HOUSE

The ONLY BOOK of the kind ever pub'd

NEW EDITION. A HISTORY of every Administration from Washington to the present time, with over 20 Steel Portraits of the Ladies of the White House, with view of many of the Homes of the Presidents. This is the most salable book published. Agents wanted—send for Circulars, with full particulars, to BRADLEY & CO., Publishers, 66 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Our Illustrated Lives of the James Brothers is enlarged to 500 Pages with 70 Illustrations, and is complete including the Death and Burial of Jesse. We also illustrate the killing, the house, Jesse James after death, his wife, his two children born in outlawry, the Fords who made the capture, etc., also a full engraving of Gov. Crittenden. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars free. Outfits 40cts. This is the only true history. Beware of spurious editions. One Elegant Illustrated Volume of 500 Pages. Secure only the Best, Largest and Cheapest. Address NATIONAL PUB. CO., No. 323 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

A QUEER DROVE.

HOW FUR SEALS ARE CORRALED AND DRIVEN TO THE KILLING GROUNDS.

The method followed by the natives of St. Paul's and St. George's islands, off the Alaska coast, in capturing the fur seals is curious. During the summer season the seals frequent the shores of these islands and gather on the beach in vast numbers. The younger male or bull seals are the only ones that are killed, and they are found by themselves away from the brooding rookeries. The native goes down to the bech in the early morning and quietly surrounds a group of a hundred or more seals, getting between them and the water. The seals are then alarmed with shouts and cries, and, terrified, flee inland along the only way left open to them. They are driven in this way to the killing place near the village on the shores of the island. Driving them is a very easy thing, although it takes them sometime to accompiish the distance; but they blunder along, stimulated by the cries of their captors. The old bull seals that may be in the drove are apt to show fight, but if they do they are allowed to drop out of the crowd, as their skins are worthless. The younger ones are as easy to drive as a flock of sheep.

The seals, when finally driven up on the flats between he east landing and the village, and almost under the windows of the dwellings, are herded there until cool and rested. The drives are usually made very early in the morning at the first break of day, which is half past 1 and 2 o'clock of June and July of these latitudes. They arrive and cool off on the slaughtering grounds, so that by 6 or 7, after breakfast, the able-bodied male population turn out from the village and go down and engage in the work of slaughter. The men are dressed in their ordinary working garb of flannel shirts, stout cassimere or canvas pants, over which the "tarbossa" boots are drawn: if it rains they wear their "kamlaikas" made of the intestines and throats of the seal lion and fur seal. Thus dressed, they are each armed with a club, a stout hickory bludgeon, which have been made particularly for the purpose at New London, Conn., and imported here for this especial service. These sealing clubs are about five or six feet in length, three inches in diameter at their heads, and the thickness of a man's forearm where they are grasped by the hands. Each native also has his stabbing-kife, his skinning knite and his whetstone; these are laid upon the grass convenient when the work of brainingor knocking the seals down is in progress. This is all the apparatus which they have for killing and skinning.

When the men gather for work they are under the control of their chosen foreman or chiefs; usually on St. Paul, divided into two working parties at the village, and a sub-party at a northeast point, where another salt-house and slaughtering field is established. As the signal of the day begins by the men stepping into the drove, corralled on the flats, and driving out one hundred and one hundred and fifty seals at a time, make what they call a pod, which they surround in a circle, huddle the seals one on another as they narrow it down, until they are directly within reach and under their clubs. Then the chief, after he has cast his experienced eye over the struggling, writhing mass, passes the word that such and such a seal is bitten, that such and such a seal is too young, and that such and such a seal is too old; the attention of the men being called to these points, he gives the word strike, and instantly the heavy clubs come down and every one that is eligible is stretched out stunned and motionless in less time really than I take to tell it. Those seals spared by the chief now struggle from under and over the bodies of their dead and unconscious companions and pass, hustled off by the natives back to the sea. Then the carcasses are skinned and the pelts prepared for shipment.

The common or popular notion in regard to sealskins is, that they are worn by those animals just as the appear when offered for sale; that the fur seals swim about, exposing the same soft coat with which our ladies of fashion so delight to cover their tender forms during inclement winter. This is a very great mistake; few skins are less attractive than is the seal skin when it is taken from the creature. The fur is not visible; it is concealed entirely by a coat of stiff hair, dull, grey-brown and grizzed. It takes three of them to make a ladies sacque and boa. Fitting them for the market is a tedious, costly process, requiring great skill.

As the summer wanes the seals forsake the islands, and old and young take to the sea, and it is supposed spend their intervening months, until next season, on the fishing banks of the North Pacific.

RHODE ISLAND CROW STORY.—The following remarkable facts concerning the visit of a crow to the premises of Dr. Round, of Norton, was told us by a member of the family. A few mornings ago the household was awakened very early by a strange chattering that seemed to come from the roof, and on looking through a skylight, a crow was seen perched there upon the housetop, and very earnestly talking to itself. Now and then it would call "George Shaw," very distinctly, and at other times the word "boy" would be clearly heard. It tried its vocal powers also at imitating the hens, and, after the family were astir, it flew down into the yard and took the house dog to task, and gave him a sound scolding. While there it seized a cocoanut shell dipper from the pump, dropped it on the grass and it seemed a good deal vexed because the dish fell bottom up. On observing a team driven rapidly past the house it cried out: "Whoa, boy! whoa, boy!" The story of this remarkable bird spread rapidly throughout the neighborhood, and many people came to see it, and several unsuccessful efforts was made to capture it. At last it was secured and placed in a hen house, but seemed to think the imprisonment an insult, and was silent until liberated, when it flew away, and has not been seen since.—*Providence Journal.*

CUTTING HAY.—But a short time will elapse before hay harvest will be upon us. It is a well settled fact, that fodder attains its greatest value when nearest in value to mature grass. After a certain point has been reached the seeds begin to form at the expense of the nutritious juices of the stalk, and the sugar and starch contained in the stalk are converted into woody fibre. Early cutting is becoming more general every year, and the antiquated notion that grass must ripen and attain its greatest bulk to give its greatest value has been abandonad. Besides the fact that grass contains more nutriment when cut green, it is certain that the roots are in a better condition than where it has been allowed to ripen; the after-moth spring up and shades the ground from the scorching rays of the summer sun, where, when the grass is allowed to produce seed before being cut for hay, the soil remains bare.

It is important that when haying has begun, the crop should be gotten into the barn in the shortest time possible to cure it properly.

Mowers, scythes, rakes, forks, etc., should be in readiness, that when the time arrives advantage may be taken of every hour of good weather.

A PINT of soot from the chimney or stove-pipe in a pailful of water will make a liquid manure of the greatest value for plants and flowers of all kinds,

CHEAP! CHEAPER! CHEAPEST!

GEO. HUNTLEY

HAS NOW ON HAND THE

LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED STOCK OF

Hardware!

Stoves, Tinware,

Housefurnishing Goods,

&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of various styles and patterns;

Builders' Hardware

of every description and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS!

of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Road, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;

MOWING MACHINES, HORSE HAY RAKES

Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of

Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,

Carriage Oil Cloth.

PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,

as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be

SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!

☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

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HAY BROTHERS

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

-OF-

TIN, COPPER,

-AND-

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

SHEET METALS,

-AND-

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY

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CARL RIVINIUS,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE,

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COOKING & HEATING STOVES,

RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,

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One Door West of Opera House.

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REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

$20 SAVED! $20

$20 SAVED by purchasing a SEWING MACHINE from the undersigned, whose office is at 1034 Eleventh Avenue, between 10th and 17th Streets, Altoona, Pa., and who offers the editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as reference. Sewing Machines repaired in a workmanlike manner and at lowest prices.

J. McGRATH.

Altoona, April 16, 1881.

JOSEPH McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Office on Centre street.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

☞ Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

☞ FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the Kidneys it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

☞ KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

☞ Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

☞ LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜ (7)

At James' Drug Store, Ebensb'g. [8-12.-1y.]

Sing Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Horehound for Coughs & Colds

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Roberts' Horse Powders

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Try it. It will cure you.

25 cents at all Drug Stores

A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY

IS THE LOSS OF

MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, Induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply privately and *radically.*

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.
Post Office Box 450. [4-6,'82.-6m.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVINE AND BRAIN TREATMENT—a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains 1 month's treatment. One dollar per box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to return the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only when treatment is ordered direct from us. Address JOHN C. WEST & CO., Sole Proprietors, 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Sold by all druggists. SMITH, KLINE & Co., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia. [8-5,'81.-1y.]

$500 REWARD!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Costipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large Boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cts. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeiters and imitators. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 181 & 183 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 3cent stamp. [8-4,'81.-1y.]

$900 a year to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit $900 Address Address Pilson & Co., Augusta, Me.

VALUABLE FOOD CURES.

Ripe fruit and berries, slightly acid will remove the orinary diarrhœas of summer.

Common rice, parched brown, like coffee, and then bottled and eaten in the ordinary way without any other food, is, with quietude of body, one of the most effective remedies for troublesome looseness of bowels.

Some of the severest forms of the distressing ailment called dysentery, that is, when the bowels pass blood, with constant desire, with vain efforts to stool, are sometimes entirely cured by the patient eating a tablespoonful at a time of raw beef cut very fine, and repeated at intervals of four hours, until cured, eating and drinking nothing else in the meanwhile.

If a person swallow any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having an overloaded stomach, an instantaneous remedy, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of water warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach and lest there be any remnant of poison, however small, take the white of an egg or a cup of strong coffee as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common article nullify a very large number of virulent poisons than any medicine in the shops.

In cases of scalding or burning the body, immersing the part in water gives entire relief. Meanwhile, get some common white flour and apply it an inch thick on the injured part as soon as it is taken from the water, and keep sprinkling on the flour through anything as a pepper box lid, so as to put it on evenly. Do nothing else, drink nothing but water, eat nothing until improvement commences, except some dry bread softened in weak tea of some kind. Cures of frightful burns have been made in this way, as wonderful as they are painless.

Erysipelas, a disease coming without premonition, and ending fatally in three or four days, is sometimes very promptly cured by applying a poultice of raw cranberries, pounded and placed on the part over night.

Neuralgia and toothache are sometimes speedily relieved by applying to the wrist grated horse-radish.

Costive bowels have an agreeable remedy on the free use of ripe tomatoes at meals—their seeds acting in the way of white mustard or figs, by stimulating the cost of the bowels over which they pass, in their whole state, increased action.

In the case of cholera infantum in children, the best remedy we know of is the Lactic wafers, prepared by the Health Food Co., of New York City. If the child is too sick to swallow without difficulty, place one of the little wafers on the tongue, and it will be dissolved and swallowed. It will quiet the stomach almost immediately.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CARVING WOOD FIGURES.

THE TIME SPENT ON THEM—AND WHAT THEY USUALLY COST,

In the top loft of a building down on the East River front, the other day, a man was bending over a log of wood. He chopped and chiseled and gouged and cut until the shapeless block began to assume form. It was the beginning of a piece of work that the toiler said would take a week and a half to finish. The man had started to fashion a mermaid out of wood, which was to serve as a figure head of a schooner. When the day was ended the rough outline of an object that might possibly be taken for a sirene of the sea appeared, but the task before him had only just begun. The carving of wooden figures is not a new art, but it is one in which so few persons are engaged that little is known of the methods of the carvers. The figures are mostly used for cigar-stands. Some are employed in clothing houses, as models to show their suits, and circuses adorn their gilded chariots with them. Time was when no vessel sailed without a figure at its head. Every whaler had a Neptune, a mermaid, or a jolly Jack Tar, or some other design at he bows to be washed by the ocean spray. No fishing smack was too small to be without a figure head of some sort. But the good old days when abnormally shaped figure heads distinguished the ships have passed. Only the "down East" ship builders cling to the custom. Modern craft built elsewhere are sent out with carved bows, perhaps, but no figurehead appears. Now and then a private yacht constructed for pleasure will be seen a figure, too artistic in its outlines to suit the old sailor.

The wood used for figuers, no matter for what use they are put to, is white pine. The butt end of a new spar serves the purpose best, and is generally used. When green the wood cuts much easier than when dry, and is not so liable to split. The carving is mostly done by the eye. Chalk and pencil marks are drawn on the log in making the general contour. If the figure is that of a man or woman, it is eight times the length of the head. Ordinarily the image is one solid block of wood, but if the arm is extended a separate piece is put on so that the grain will run the right way to prevent its breaking off. Regular carvers' tools are employed, such as chisels, gouges, and the like. It takes from a week to a month of solid work to make a figure, and the price of images range from $50 to $250, according to their size. A mermaid 3½ feet high costs $100. The tug-boats mount eagles on their pilot-houses. These are worth from $40 to $74. Figures have been known to last for two hundred years, but the average life is twenty five. If a thick coat of paint is kept on them they will last much longer than if neglected. The paint closes up checks and cracks and prevents decay to a certain extent. The figures are fastened to ships' bows with bolts. There are only four or five places in New York where the figures are carved.

DO YOU KNOW?—That a little water in butter will prevent it from burning when used for frying?

That a little saltpetre worked into butter that has become sour or rancid will render it sweet or palatable?

That pennyroyal distributed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away?

That wild mint will keep rats and mice out of the house?

That lime, sprinkled in fire places during summer months is healthful?

That spannish brown, mixed with a little water, will make hearths look pretty? a pound costs ten cents and will last two or thre months; use a little at a time,

That leaves of parsley, eaten with a little vinegar, will prevent the disagreeable consequences ot tainted breath by onions?

That flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a bed chamber?

That oil paintings, hung over the mantlepiece are liable to wrinkle with the heat.

TO PREVENT CHICKEN CHOLERA.—Keep the drinking water for fowls in old, rusty iron vessels and occassionally throw a small quantity of sulphur and quicklime into the vessels, and do not let them get filthy, but wash them out every few days.

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